1-1945

The Cresset (Vol. VIII, No. 3)

Walther League

JANUARY 1945

THE CRESSET

New Year

Book of Moments

The Church and Labor

Wedding in Montana

by E. Gorton Covington

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. VIII No. 3

Thirty Cents

THE CRESSET

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*
THOMAS COATES, *Assistant Editor*

The Cresset Associates: PAUL BRETSCHER, O. A. DORN, E. J. FRIEDRICH, O. A. GEISEMAN, THEODORE GRAEBNER, AD. HAENTZSCHEL, WALTER A. HANSEN, A. R. KRETZMANN, THEODORE KUEHNERT, W. G. POLACK, O. H. THEISS

Cresset Contributors: ALICE BENSEN, GEORGE BETO, ANNE HANSEN, KARL KELLER, ALFRED KLAUSLER, W. D. LOY, MARTIN WALKER

IN THE JANUARY CRESSET:

THE CRESSET is published monthly by the Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Editorial and subscription office: 875 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois. Entered as second class matter November 9, 1940, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: Domestic—One-year, $2.50; two-year, $4.50; three-year, $6.00. Canadian—Same as domestic if paid in United States funds; if paid in Canadian funds, add 10% for exchange and 15 cents service charge on each check or money order. Foreign—$2.75 per year in United States funds. Single copy, 30 cents.

THE CRESSET

VOLUME 8 JANUARY 1945 NUMBER 3

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

New Year

When the maddened world drunkenly staggers into the new year—which, incidentally, the stars bring us with godly silence—we shall have reached another rung in our own ladder to eternity. . . . How long my ladder is I do not know. . . . The rung I now hold confidently, sometimes carelessly, may be my last. . . . Yet, in spite of the inevitable heartaches filling the spaces between the coming rounds, we continually wish the ladder long and hope endlessly to grasp another rung of time. If, by God's grace, my ladder has ninety rounds, I shall see the year 2000 A.D. . . . I shudder. . . . Even though my grandmother reached the ninetieth rung the fitful gales of the thunder-headed decades above will very likely blow me clean of the ladder of time long before that. . . . The thought of ninety rounds is fearful. . . . It gives one the dreadful feeling of narrowing perspective, as when one looks down to the contracting base of a sky-scraper from the fortieth floor. . . . Suddenly one feels like the top man in a ladder-balancing act at the circus. . . . One becomes strangely ill at the stomach to think that one day one may have to view things from ninety rounds above the Martian-like babes of Century Twenty-one. . . . But the feeling is groundless: it is foolish. For God permits us but one rung at a time (actually we live from breath to breath, so that each rung is taken in approximately ten million five hundred and twelve thousand steps) . . . and thus God graciously grants us sufficient time to catch our breath and to accommodate ourselves to the scenes below. . . . But, above all, whether the ladder is short or

long, the rule is "Don't look down; look up." It's as good a rule for Christians as it is for mountaineers. "Upward!". . . . "Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of the Lord," said the man who may once have had similar feelings climbing to the height of the crow's nest of his fishing sloop. . . . How long is my ladder? . . . It doesn't worry me so long as I know that God made it no higher than I can bear to climb—so long as I know that when I have reached the top and am blindly groping in the mist for the next rung . . . my hand shall then be firmly grasped by the strong hand of that Friend who bore the fear and anguish of the years that we might reach Him . . . unafraid.

Prophesying the War's End

EVER and again come complaints from Washington about the complacency of the American people; about a premature relaxing in the war-effort on the home-front; about the lack of wholehearted cooperation on the part of civilians, and the like. To what degree these complaints are true, we have no way of determining. We are convinced, however, that if there are real reasons for such complaints, they are largely due to the fact that false impressions have been spread abroad from Washington itself. Take the matter of prophesying the war's end. In spite of the fact that both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, back in 1941 and in early 1942, warned that the war would likely be a long one, lasting five years or more, others in high places have soft-pedalled this note and in public utterances minimized the might of our enemies. Predictions as to the end of the European War have come forth even from high-ranking generals—"late in August," "by the end of September," "by Thanksgiving," "before Christmas." True, these predictions were usually conditioned on what Russia would do, or on weather conditions, or on something else; but the conditions have usually not been taken seriously by the public. To this have been added predictions about early conversion to civilian production. Refrigerators, electric irons, washing machines, and various household gadgets would be on the market by the end of 1944. Automobile tires for civilian use would be ready about the same time. There was even some talk about automobiles for civilian use in early 1945. None of these predictions have been fulfilled. In fact, the latest reports make them only remote possibilities for 1945.

All of which calls to mind the caution issued by the CRESSET back in June, 1943: Let's win the

war first before we raise false hopes and start squabbling about resumption of civilian production. The German surge forward into Belgium at this writing, the misunderstandings among the Allies, to say nothing about the Russian enigma, add up to one thing, which should have been more consistently emphasized by our leaders: war is no sinecure. It is a hard and serious job. The whole nation needs to stay geared to that task and to see it through without letup, to the finish. And what is most important, we need the blessing of Almighty God on our arms, if we are to gain the victory at all.

Whither?

THE curse of power politics is still on the rampage in Europe. Statesmen are playing the old balance-of-power game with reckless abandon and with completely selfish aims. Spheres of influence are being apportioned, and the man in the street is being left in the dark. What is happening to the principle of self-determination? Not long ago that principle was regarded as sacrosanct in the councils of some of the Allies. Where is it today? And where, pray, are the open covenants openly arrived at? We know next to nothing about what is going on in Rumania, in Bulgaria, and in the Baltic States. Are some of those nations being sovietized from head to foot? The Poles are between two fires. Many loyal Greeks are disillusioned, and many sturdy Belgians are wondering what all their suffering and sacrifices have gained for them. General Charles de Gaulle has concluded a pact with the Soviet Union. Francisco Franco remains in power. Britain is busily building British fences in what she is determined to have as her particular sphere of influence. The U.S.S.R. is looking out for the interests of the U.S.S.R.—and the devil take the hindmost. Meanwhile Germany, the land of Nazism, sees rays of hope for the eventual triumph of her Nazi ideology. We may rest assured that the Nazis are doing all they can to stir up dissension among their enemies.

The world needs enlightened statesmanship in these trying days. But where is that enlightened statesmanship? Blindly and stupidly, famous rulers and diplomats are sowing the seeds of World War III.

It is not too late to bring order out of the terrible chaos in Europe—order based, not on greed, power, ruthlessness, and war-breeding selfishness, but in a determination to build a world in which the freedom of men, women, and children will not be

choked to death by short-sighted power politics. Tremendous responsibilities are being thrown upon the shoulders of Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt. If they succeed in framing a peace founded on far-seeing wisdom, the world will hail and remember them as great men; if they fail, the world will brand them as men who sold whatever vision they had for a mess of selfish power politics.

An Insoluble Problem

THERE are today thirty-two million children of school age in America. Of these thirty-two million, five million are receiving some kind of religious instruction. There is, therefore, growing up in this country a generation of spiritual illiterates. Many educators, churchmen, and parents see a direct relationship between this spiritual illiteracy and the current wave of juvenile delinquency. As a result, presses—religious and secular—have been pouring forth books which discuss the place of religion in education. However, most of these plans are either illegal, ineffectual, or not feasible.

In an address before a group of public school teachers and administrators, Dr. Frederick Eby, veteran educator and co-author of the standard text on the history of education, recently stated: "The greatest problem facing American education today is religion; and it is an insoluble problem." Eby maintains—and we are inclined to agree with him—that the American doctrine of the separation of church and state will never permit religion to be adequately taught in the public schools on a released-time basis, much less as part of the curriculum. Nor does he expect parochial schools to be effective except in those communions where they already exist. He finally looks to the home as the agency which will in the future acquaint American children with their great Christian heritage.

While we share Eby's pessimistic analysis of current religious education, we cannot share his optimism regarding the future role of the home. We believe that the home will be as ineffective in the future as it has been in the immediate past in the role of a religious educator. All of which does not make the future appear too bright.

Non-Lutherans Defend Luther

RECENTLY 19 distinguished churchmen made public a statement by which they took issue with the criticism of Martin Luther and Lutheranism by Dean

Inge, formerly of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, which was published by the press throughout the country. The statement follows:

We deeply regret that the venerable Dean Inge should have lent his name to the view that "the scapegoat on whose shoulders we may lay the miseries which Germany has brought upon the world" is to be found in Luther and Lutheranism. Such a statement is at variance with historic fact. We must not forget that at the Diet of Worms Luther defied not only the Papacy but the Empire. Lutheranism in Germany, to be sure, became a state church; yet out of that same church has come the Confessional body which has offered a more stalwart resistance to Nazi tyranny than has any other group. In Denmark and Norway the Lutheran Church as a whole has been the very center of opposition. In general in the Scandinavian countries and in the United States Lutheranism has avoided the degree of subservience to the state undeniably to be found in sections of the church in Germany.

We who are non-Lutheran Christians wish to record our tribute to the devotion to democracy of the five million Lutherans in the United States and our dissent from the hope that "the next swing of the pendulum will put an end to Luther's influence in Germany." We hope rather to see a renaissance of the spirit of that Luther who placed above all else loyalty to God.

In commenting on the statement, Dean Luther A. Weigle of the Yale Divinity School, one of the signers, said: "It is an impressive evidence of the growing spirit of unity in American Protestantism that a group of non-Lutherans have desired to defend the Lutheran Church."

To this we add: It is gratifying to note that a distortion of history originating in a high place is exposed and corrected by persons in prominent positions.

Willkie's Testament

WENDELL WILLKIE's last will and testament, *An American Program,* is evidence that he grew considerably since the days of "campaign oratory" and his associations with the great utility companies. It sounds strange for a corporation lawyer to affirm:

For a long time our society left the education of children to the individual parents' ability to pay. Then it made a decision which changed civilization. It decided that all children should be educated, regardless of their parents' income.

We are now faced with a decision as logical and as necessary about which we must begin to think. We have left the feeding, clothing, shelter, and medical care of our children to be determined by their parents' income alone. It hasn't worked and can never work, for a man whose skills may permit him to earn only

the minimum wage may have five or six children to rear on that wage. No wage or income based upon the value of the economic contribution of the individual can ever be made to take into proper consideration the needs of his dependents.

As the implications of Willkie's premise and conclusions begin to penetrate our mind, we understand why the Republican Party was reluctant to permit him to carry its banner.

Let's Be Realistic!

It is no longer news that a great many of the novels that have grossed the greatest sales in recent years are those which have reveled in lurid descriptions of vice and perversion. Many an otherwise well written story has had to admit of this one criticism. And many a tedious novel, utterly unworthy of the reading public's attention, owes its popularity simply to these extended passages of filth scattered here and there throughout its pages. Among these are the drugstore lending library's offerings, whose only claim to fame is their unashamed portrayal of shame. The more candid authors will tell you frankly that their readiness to delve into the depths of evil is not done in the name of art, but in the name of money. They are not interested in building a literary reputation. They write to sell. And if that is what the public wants, that's what they will produce. Will their less candid, and perhaps better known, fellows admit of a nobler purpose? Can they?

And then when you discuss these books with their readers, the most common defense offered is: "They're real." There can be no denying that; even though this admission by any member of the human race must be self-condemning, and it might often make it rather embarrassing to look an irrational brute, less highly favored, in the eye. If these had the ability to draw any conclusions at all, they might conclude that they were considerably better off.

No, we will not deny that our literature aims at realism. Our complaint is that these authors are not quite real enough. They do not go the whole way. They do not add the inevitable consequence. Their reality after all is misleading and unreal. They glorify sin and shame, when real life deals with it far differently. They exalt vice and perversion, when real life pays a far different price If our literature wants to deal in realism, let it not hesitate to portray the evil of men's will and desire as it really is—as sin. Let it not hesitate to indicate what it merits and always gets—punishment. Let it not fall short of the

whole story: Sin, if unrepented of, will receive what it deserves—the wrath and judgment of the Almighty, and His everlasting condemnation. Realism should go all the way!

Education in Texas

NATIONAL magazines and newspapers have given prominence to the controversy at the University of Texas. Homer Price Rainey, president of Texas University, was recently dismissed by the Board of Regents. Immediate protests against this action were registered by the Ex-Students Association, the faculty of the University, and the State Teachers Association.

Various factors have helped to becloud the real issue. The Regents implied that Dr. Rainey failed to exterminate a nest of homosexuality on the campus; certain members of the Board claimed that he lacked administrative ability; Rainey's sane views on the race question were distorted by some; it was further charged that the president tolerated the presence of Communists on the faculty. Too, the clash of personalities—as is always the case in any type of controversy—played its important part in this conflict.

A study of Rainey's public utterances and administrative acts has shown that he is a Christian gentleman who believes that democracy as well as Christianity must be not only a creed but also a way of life. For that belief he has been discharged.

An investigating committee of the State Senate has revealed that there is arrayed against Dr. Rainey a majority of the Board of Regents, men who represent the vested oil, ranching, and entertainment interests of Texas.

Despite the demands of representative groups throughout the state that Rainey be reinstated, experienced observers at the capitol maintain that the Regents and their point of view will prevail. We trust that their victory will be only apparent and temporary; for unless there is ultimate victory not only in Texas but all over the United States for the general principles on which Homer Rainey has taken a decisive stand, the future of American education looks dark indeed.

Profanity in Print

A GREAT hullaballoo was made after election day over the purported use of profanity by the President at the polls. In some parts of the country *Time*'s account of the incident aroused great public disapproval, expressed vocally and in writing. The matter was deemed sufficiently serious to call for a public de-

nial from the White House. It was emphatically asserted that the President did not "invoke the name of the Deity" in damning a recalcitrant (obviously Republican) voting machine. Of course, there are those of us who wonder *who is* called upon to punish anything thus condemned, when God's name is so thoughtfully omitted.

But the whole affair reminds us that ever since the war began, newspapers and magazines have been much more free in publishing profanity, and much less careful of offending the conscience of their Christian readers. The former familiar dashes (sic:———) have long disappeared. But we have noticed that whenever the name of God is used in profanity they are very careful to print it with a small "g." Why? Can it be that the profaner or the reporter has in mind the gods of the Medes and Persians, or those of ancient Rome? Why so delicate? Such brash and bold reporting and then such sudden reluctance! If the name of God is used in vain, reporting it in lower case won't soften His displeasure.

The fact remains that cursing is unnecessary wherever and whenever it is used. And good reporting doesn't clutter up a story with irrelevancies. In other words, omit it altogether. One after-thought: The mystery of the lower case "g" might be solved by the law of conscience, which even though blunted and hardened, will ever remind man that blessing and cursing in the name of God don't ever go together.

The Church in Action

MANY significant conferences were held in 1944, but possibly none approaches in significance the Pittsburgh Conference held by the National Religion and Labor Foundation in October. The implications of this conference of prominent Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish leaders can affect the position of the Church in the affairs and thinking of men for at least a generation or two to come. Present were not only religious leaders but people holding responsible positions in the AFL, the CIO, the Cooperative Movement, and the National Council for a Permanent FEPC. After the smoke of the discussions and resolutions had cleared away, it was apparent that the sphere of the Church's usefulness could be enlarged if her leaders were so minded.

We disagree strenuously with many of the resolutions. We do not believe, for example, that the Church should align herself with one particular political or economic movement. Common sense

alone tells us that the Church's interest is universal and no strictures can be made confining the Church to one specific group. The Church is concerned with the National Association of Manufacturers as well as the plight of sharecroppers. On the other hand, we do feel that the entire Church can agree with the resolution which states that a job is a moral right. The moral order of the universe upholds the principle that all men are entitled to jobs. Therefore, what affects a man's material welfare should be the concern of religion.

We are also in agreement with much of the discussion of the problems of the rural church. It is a commonplace that the seedbed of the future is in the country. Statistics seem to indicate that approximately 51 per cent of the children of America are born in the country. Likewise, a majority of urban church members come from rural areas. Unfortunately, however, the rural parish with its many problems has more or less been regarded as a step-child of the Church. Despite the eloquent defense of Arthur Wentworth Hewitt and others, both the members and the shepherd of the rural flock have the feeling that they are forgotten. The Conference passed several recommendations which might be followed to the welfare of the entire Church.

One recommendation urged that theological seminaries equip themselves to train future rural pastors by offering courses in rural sociology, labor relations, and farm economics. Theological students would be urged to identify themselves with the farming way of life and with the problems of the farmer. It might certainly be worth the time of any rural pastor to learn the whys and wherefores of such organizations as the Farmers Union, the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, and similar agencies. The idea should be that the influence of the Christian faith permeates the entire structure in spiritual and temporal matters.

Whether all the churches will agree with these recommendations is, of course, problematical. The fact remains that the Christian Church will have to abandon her isolationism in regard to many contemporary problems. Too often the Church has held herself aloof from local problems, adopting the questionable thesis that there is no relationship between a man's job and his faith. The contrary seems to be more true. Determine how a man earns his living, help him in integrating his job with his faith, and in the end there will be a strong Christian Church whose faith undergirds all of society.

Both laity and clergy could benefit the Church immensely by

reexamining the many problems of Church and labor and agriculture. If the Church today refuses to consider or discuss what is going on in the rural or urban world, if the Church refuses to take any action, then the Church might lose, if she has not already lost, her dominating influence in the lives and thinking of men.

The Church and Labor

REFERENCE to the Church in action would not be complete without at least a note on the Church and labor. At the Pittsburgh Conference, mentioned in the preceding editorial note, much time was devoted to the attitude of many churches toward organized labor. Here is one of the thorniest problems facing the Church today. The problem, be it noted, is not entirely the making of labor or the Church. We are inclined to believe, though, that a goodly share of the blame for misunderstanding labor can be laid on the Church's doorstep.

Too often in the past thoughtless clergymen or well-heeled laymen have blasted away at organized labor as though here was the anti-Christ personified. There is no denying the fact that Marxism could be found at the bottom of some of organized labor's efforts. To say, however, that labor's attempts to organize are dialectical materialism in action is foolish. In the present complex state of affairs the worker would be lost if he did not have his union to protect him.

It behooves the various conservative churches to reexamine their attitude toward labor. Merely to admit the existence of the AFL or the CIO is not enough. The day has already arrived when organized labor's voice in America's economic, political, and even cultural life is an accepted fact. The Pittsburgh Conference in the interest of a more intelligent relationship between the labor unions and the churches made a series of eleven recommendations. We note particularly that pastors and religious leaders were urged to study the labor movement, to visit labor union headquarters, to interview union leaders, to attend labor union meetings. In turn labor was urged to consult the church in order to obtain an interpretation of the Church's program is relation to organized labor.

We realize that an editorial note on this subject would have seemed fantastic a generation ago, However, the Christian must become thoroughly aroused to the fact that if he does not put his faith into action, then the Kingdom of God will suffer irreparable damage. The Christian faith must work in all the affairs of men,

whether in the NAM, the PAC-CIO, or the AFL. It was significant that at the recent PAC-CIO gathering in Chicago many Roman Catholic clergy were seen wandering about the convention floor and through committee meetings. Perhaps it might be a good idea to have a few Lutheran clergymen sitting in on some sessions of organized labor.

That Year for Uncle Sam

ONE of the most controversial issues facing the new Congress is the bill providing for at least a year of compulsory military training for all able-bodied young men somewhere between the ages of 18 and 21. A sizable number in Congress is also known to favor it, and our military leaders have long been among its leading advocates. On the other hand, some Congressmen have reported that their mail shows a great deal of opposition. It will be their problem to sift the genuine sentiment from that of organized pressure groups.

How does such training stack up? What will it mean to our country? We believe that heretofore our nation's strength has always been found in our wholehearted pursuit of the ways of peace. While other countries have poured their resources, their wealth, their talents into preparations for war, and that at the expense of the general living standard, we have concentrated on the arts of peace. Consequently, our standard of living is the highest in the world. Nowhere else are conveniences and creature comforts enjoyed so generally and in such abundance. Nor has this prevented us from meeting the emergencies of war successfully. When the need arose our men have proven themselves better fighters, our production has been overwhelming, our equipment has been superior to any that more militaristic nations could offer. The highly trained automatons of fascist nations have notably lacked the ingenuity that has rendered our opposition so effective. Our country has not suffered because of its fundamental outlook of peace.

But now comes the President with something a little bit different. He proposes to recruit all boys and girls for a year of service of various kinds to the government. While he has not been very specific, he does admit that it will go beyond military training, possibly including social service, certain elements of the CCC, etc. "They all owe a year of service to their government."

This is fascist doctrine. Is the state to serve the people, or are the people to exist to serve the

state? It has already been pointed out that such a plan is unconstitutional. Perhaps it is so plainly so that this in itself will be enough to dispose of it. But we have other laws in effect whose constitutionality has been very greatly questioned. And we are living under them. It is our contention that any man who keeps the laws of the country, who pays its taxes, and who otherwise shows his interest in and support of good and honest government through his whole life will have done enough for the permanent good of his nation without a year of indiscriminate service left to the discretion of some bureaucrat.

British Humor

IT'S often said in our land that the Britisher lacks a sense of humor. Read the following bit of amusing doggerel culled from the *Manchester Guardian* and judge for yourself:

STRONG PROTEST

[Lines on receiving no milk at all for six days.]

O why did I learn to like milk,
A fluid now fled to retirement,
When fate was preparing to bilk
That innocent taste and requirement?
Vile Ministries sell me a pup
With rationing rules and abatements—
Nay, further, they muck the thing up
By rash and repeated mis-statements.

Two pints for a week, it was said,
Next month would amount to my portion,
Which hardly came under the head
Of rapacity, greed, or extortion.
November's allowance was bleak,
Adjusted to chasten and sober;
But what about none for a week?
And here we were still in October!

Rebellious and far from resigned
I am ready to walk any distance
To see if the cow and its kind
Are still in continued existence.
This crisis, its why and its how,
I want them officially stated;
I should like to complain to a cow.
Or have they been all dehydrated?

—LUCIO

Isn't it true that a genuine sense of humor plays an important part in enabling Britain to submit to rationing such as has never been known in our own country?

Negro Migration

WHAT adjustments must the South make to avoid losing too large a proportion of its Negro population? In "The Negro Moves North," *The Atlantic Monthly,* November, 1944, David L. Cohn analyzes this problem. During the thirteen years following our entry into World War I

the South lost twenty per cent of its Negroes, and only the Federal freezing of labor is preventing a large migration now. Cohn points out that although the living conditions of the Negroes in the industrial North are often no better than in the rural South, yet thousands of Negroes come North and stay because of fanatical hopes induced by the successes of the few. Cohn indicates the danger to the North in a sated labor market, to the South in a paralyzing lack of manpower, and to the Negroes in unemployment. The solution to the problem, he believes, lies largely in the hands of the Southern whites, who must immediately meet the Negroes in a program of mutual adjustment. And Cohn warns that "a dangerous impasse will be reached if Negroes ask too much or if whites grant too little."

"Foreign Policies"

THIS is the heading of a cartoon by Frank Williams in a recent issue of the *Detroit Free Press*. It shows the Statue of Liberty facing out upon the Atlantic toward Europe. Out of the darkness of that continent looms up a mailed fist holding aloft a naked sword. Across the broad blade are the words, "Power Politics." This cartoon presents a timely and weighty warning. The troubles the Allies are having in Belgium, Italy, and Greece and the manner in which these troubles are being handled seem to be an about-face from the principles of the Atlantic Charter. They seem to point to some sinister power politics that are being played in Europe. They also seem to indicate that we are in danger of being drawn into these politics, if our leaders have not already committed us secretly.

There are many signs right now to show that our people are not easy in mind about these developments. It is extremely doubtful, if we sense the temper of our people rightly, whether the American people wish to be involved in the quagmire of European politics at all. Unless the necessary steps are taken to bring about a better promise of the realization of the ideals for which we are presumably fighting, there is every reason to believe that our people will revert back after this war to an isolationism out of which they will not easily be drawn a third time.

Art and Politics

SOMETHING of the far spread of postwar confusion may be guessed from the "Picasso affair" at the Autumn Salon in Paris. Shortly before the exhibition was

opened, Picasso formally entered the Communist Party. On the first Sunday of the exhibit, when a large crowd of people were in the room devoted to Picasso's paintings, a group of young men collected. They shouted, "Explain!" "Money back!" "Take them down!" and removed his canvases from the walls. Rumor and the Leftist press immediately suggested fascist instigation. But other evidences, including the professional care with which the pictures were handled and a press statement by some of the young men, make it appear that they were simply art students who resented what they regarded as unworthy technique in the recent work of the famous painter. The affair may be taken as an indication that art criticism will not be exempt from the exaggerated violence of the next few years, and that the suspicions of political groups will make the work of critics in this as in other fields difficult.

News for the Blind

WE are happy to pass on certain information recently announced in the *New York Times* for the benefit of the blind. It seems that some blind persons have difficulty learning Braille. This is true of some who are young, but especially of those who begin learning after middle age. One reason is that ordinarily the Braille dots do not wear well with constant use. They have a tendency to flatten down or wear out. Now a new process has been developed whereby Braille letters or dots are stamped on an almost indestructible mat. Cards have been prepared, carrying the National Anthem, The Lord's Prayer, etc., also Braille contractions. These will be made available by the Lighthouse at 111 East Fifty-ninth St., New York, N. Y.

The War and the Ouija Board

THE *New York Times* recently directed attention to the increased use of magical methods for communicating with the dead or seeking information about the living or about the future. Dr. R. S. Woodworth, Professor Emeritus of Psychology at Columbia University, was quoted as saying: "Turning to spiritualism for a feeling of security is not new to this war." The use of the ouija board is again developing into a craze, we are told. To quote the *Times:*

> The first World War brought a sharp increase in table-tapping, séances and other "magic" methods of communicating with the dead or seeking information about the living. The popularity of the ouija

board is a typical manifestation of wartime anxiety. Behind the impulse to seek information from "occult" devices even as a pastime, lie the deep-rooted anxieties of thousands of men and women of all ages who are worried over the safety of husbands, wives, relatives and friends. Although most of today's ouija board fans take its "mystic" answers with a grain of salt, anyone feels more confident to have it say that a husband or fiancé will be home by Christmas.

So it has ever been among those who, like King Saul of old, turn away from God and His Word, to consult some soothsayer, necromancer, spiritualist medium, or a witch, like the witch of Endor. And it also remains true, as the great Kipling once said:

"But there's only trouble and sorrow in store
For those who go down on the Road to Endor."

Religion and Poetry

"Poets, even pagans, can only directly believe in Nature if they indirectly believe in God; if the second idea should really fade, the first is bound to follow sooner or later. Of course a man might have an almost animal appreciation of certain accidents of form or colour in a rock or a pool, as in a rag-bag or a dustbin; but that is not what the great poets or the great pagans meant by the mysteries of Nature or the inspiration of the elemental powers. When there is no longer even a vague idea of purposes or presences, then the many-coloured forest really is a rag-bag and all the pageant of the dust only a dust-bin. We can see this realization creeping like a slow paralysis over all those of the newest poets who have not reacted towards religion. Their philosophy of the dandelion is not that all weeds are flowers; but rather that all flowers are weeds." —G. K. CHESTERTON

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

A Book of Moments

10 P.M.

DURING the past two hours I have been sitting here before a blank sheet of paper trying desperately to avoid saying anything about the state of the world as another year staggers over the horizon . . . It would, of course, be the simple and obvious thing to do . . . Lamentations roll easier from my pen than joy . . . As the fire beside my chair crackles toward midnight I shall attempt to forget the world outside . . . After all, a part of it is all right . . . The snow under my window is white and clean . . . Two students just stopped in for a few words, and they are one of the reasons why I believe that tomorrow can be better than today. . . A little while ago I heard a child sing Christmas carols . . . That always helps . . .

On the other hand, it should be said that a certain amount of lamentation is necessary . . . It is still one of the major surprises of life to see how many people have retained their smugness and self-satisfaction during these years . . . Apparently they are still persuaded that our problems are only momentary and that a few social and economic adjustments will heal the world . . . A little more money . . . A few more loans . . . Some more commissions and investigations and plans . . . Tragic nonsense . . . Curiously though, my friends who feel that way are very good people . . . Perhaps the trouble with good people is not that they are too virtuous to understand evil, but that they fail to recognize that the evil abroad in the world differs from the evil in their own hearts only in degree and not in kind . . . That little, bitter bit of gossip I heard this morning is the blood relation of the bomb and the plane . . . I have said it before, but it seems to be necessary to say it again—pile up these little things – hates, envies, jealousies, malice – and they become bombs and planes and guns

and children cowering under the earth . . . The writers of the New Testament knew that and they went after the sins of "good people" with all the hammers of God . . .

Surely we must rid ourselves of our smugness as January 1945 dawns . . . We see more clearly now . . . The challenge of the Book of Job is heard again and Jeremiah is justified in his sorrow . . . God does not want us to use Him as a mist in which we hide ourselves from what we dare not face . . . We and a billion like us are responsible for the state of the world . . . Now, a few hours before the New Year, is the time for repentance and humility before God . . . I have always liked Barrie's remark about Henley's famous line: "Under the bludgeonings of chance my head is bloody but unbowed." . . . When he heard it for the first time Barrie said quietly: "It would be better to say 'bowed.' " . . .

Sin . . . We shall be compelled to use that word more often if there is to be a resurgence of hope for us . . . After that we can begin to speak about the forgiveness of sin . . . There is no other way out . . . Somehow the pathetic speech of Macbeth to his physician is running through my mind again tonight:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stiff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

The physician tells Macbeth that he cannot help him . . Macbeth replies wearily:

"Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff."

Only in activity can he find peace —in battle, blood and death . . . This is what the world did in September, 1939 . . . We begin to see that this is no answer . . . The last answer comes from One Who had no armor and no staff, only a Cross and the prayer: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." . . .

Midnight

So, another year . . . Time for the Hosannah in the whirlwind . . . Somehow our faith in quiet things grows as the years pass . . . The stillness of God, for example . . . 1900 years now since He spoke to the world and left the record of His speech with us . . . He speaks now in judgment, but only the eyes and ears of faith can understand . . . There is the quietness of the lasting things He has given us—the wonder of win-

ter snow on the hillside—the glow of an unfolding flower—the ticking of a clock marking the passing of the little moments which swell almost without warning into the heavy years—the quiet love of a mother for her child . . . These are the quiet things, the continuing things—perhaps the only things that finally matter . . .

Away from the world of headlines for a moment . . . The best way is the Gospel according to St. John . . . Now and then, however, I reach for Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp" . . . Perhaps the following will help to make the New Year more still: "Time should be measured here by the silent dial, rather than by the ticking clock, or by the chimes of the church. Dreamthorp can boast of a respectable antiquity, and in it the trade of the builder is unknown. Ever since I remember, not a single stone has been laid on the top of another. The castle, inhabited now by jackdaws and starlings, is old; the chapel which adjoins it is older still; and the lake behind both, and in which their shadows sleep, is, I suppose, as old as Adam. A fountain in the market-place, all mouths and faces and curious arabesques—as dry, however as the castle moat—has a tradition connected with it; and a great noble, riding through the street one day several hundred years ago, was shot from a window by a man whom he had injured. The death of this noble is the chief link which connects the place with authentic history. The houses are old, the remote dates may yet be deciphered on the stones above the doors; the apple trees are mossed and ancient; countless generations of sparrows have bred in the thatched roofs, and thereon have chirped out their lives. In every room of the place men have been born, men have died. On Dreamthorp centuries have fallen, and have left no more trace than have last winter's snowflakes. This commonplace sequence and flowing on of life is immeasurably affecting. That winter morning when Charles lost his head in front of the banqueting-hall of his own palace, the icicles hung from the eaves of the houses here, and the clown kicked the snowballs from his clouted shoon, and thought but of his supper when, at three o'clock, the red sun set in the purple mist. On that Sunday in June while Waterloo was going on, the gossips, after morning service, stood on the country roads discussing agricultural prospects, without the slightest suspicion that the day passing over their heads would be a famous one in the calendar. Battles have been fought, kings have died, history has transacted itself; but, all unheeding and untouched, Dreamthorp has watched apple-trees red-

den, and wheat ripen, and smoked its pipe, and quaffed its mug of beer, and rejoiced over its newborn children, and with proper solemnity carried its dead to the churchyard. As I gaze on the village of my adoption, I think of many things very far removed, and seem to get closer to them. The last setting sun that Shakespeare saw reddened the windows here, and struck warmly on the faces of the hinds coming home from the fields. The mighty storm that raged while Cromwell lay a-dying made all the oakwoods groan round about here, and tore the thatch from the very roofs I gaze upon. When I think of this, I can almost, so to speak, lay my hand on Shakespeare and on Cromwell. These poor walls were contemporaries of both, and I find something affecting in the thought . . . The hands on the church clock seem always pointing to one hour. Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine." . . .

Is it not true that a quarter of an hour of silence near the gates can make a man stronger than all our meetings and conventions and unions and societies? . . . A living solidarity with the past and the future, with things seen and unseen, with matters temporal and eternal . . . Such moments give a man a measuring rod for the size of his life and the time of his years . . . The Christmas tree stands dark and silent in the corner, and I suddenly remember that you and I are very important persons . . . We are the reason for His coming and the reason for His staying . . . Since the first Christmas, life has become so much larger, because it must finally include Him whom the manger held and the universe cannot contain . . . The miracle of the little face that had seen the fall of Lucifer . . . The wonder of the tiny lips that had called to Adam . . . The mystery of the small hands grasping helplessly at the straw of the manger — hands which once had set the stars in the firmament . . . Here is the measure of our smallness before Christmas and our greatness after Christmas . . .

A little later . . . At this hour the pencil has a way of slipping from my fingers . . . The hard and necessary logic of the day becomes something else . . . Faith and hope and sureness which leap over the barriers of the mind . . . Many years ago at an hour like this, a man wrote: "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." . . . That is here, too, together with the answer: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." . . . That is all we need from the clouds of the morning to the mists of the evening . . .

I honestly believe that we can be more optimistic about the New Year than the signs on the surface of life would seem to warrant . . . First of all, concerning individuals . . . Surely men and women who have eyes to see and ears to hear must begin to realize that they have not done well since 1900 . . . Our glorious 20th Century which was to be one of the greatest in the history of man has come to a dead end . . . Mary Pickford's little book "Why Not Try God?" was not a good book, but the title said something worth saying . . . It is a question which becomes more acute as the years go on . . .

I am also more optimistic concerning the Church . . . In another place I wrote a few weeks ago that today a preacher can stand up in his pulpit and behind him sounds the thunder of world events as a living witness to the truth of his preaching of the Law . . . When men can turn neither to the right nor to the left, nor back, nor forward, it is easier to point them upward . . .

So, a Happy New Year . . . The feet of the Child upon the world march faster now . . . I may get out of breath trying to catch a glimpse of His passing . . . But it will be worth-while . . . Very much worth-while . .

A fascinating bit of Americana . . .

Wedding in Montana

By E. Gorton Covington

Grandfather Kunkle was very happy about it all. Everything was very much as he had envisioned it twenty-five years before, as the four of them—himself and his wife, Elfrieda and his son and daughter-in-law, Emil and Lovina—were setting out on the greatest adventure of their lives, emigration to America. And during that quarter of a century that they had been in the rich and fertile Yellowstone River valley in south-central Montana, he had seen one dream after another come to fruition.

His son Emil now owned the fine irrigated sugar beet farm on which the entire Kunkle family resided, a farm that never had a crop failure. They ran many head of fine Herefords on the pine-clad hill pasture, a few sheep on the brush-choked river bottom and owned many intricate farm machines that did the work of many men. And during that two and a half decades his son had raised a fine family of twelve children. Now, Grandfather Kunkle had seen his first grandson, Ed, married to Nellie Benner, daughter of a prosperous German-Russian, who like the Kunkles had migrated to America from the Volga River community of Saratof.

All the German-Russian families within a day's drive by motorcar of the town of Parkvale had received invitations from the wedding-bidder, who had personally made the rounds to ask the guests to the wedding and celebration. Now the impressive church rites were over; the radiant bride in her floorlength white satin gown and billowing veil of yellowed hand-made lace—an heirloom five times as old as she—the red-faced and nervous bridegroom in his blue serge suit with white boutonniere; the envious and expectant bridesmaids and their uneasy usher-escorts; the stolid but inwardly proud fathers of the bride and groom and their fidgeting, anxious wives, were bound for the ranch for the wedding feast.

And Grandfather Kunkle planned to see that the wedding was carried out with all the tradition and ceremony of the Volga River dwellers. It had been his ambition since Ed had squirmed into the world, twenty-four years before.

On the day of Ed's birth, Grandfather Kunkle had cleaned out a large barrel, and, aided by his wife, had filled it with the juice of the American chokecherry that grew abundantly along the banks of the small streams tributary to the Yellowstone. Then the barrel with the cargo of fermenting juice had been buried in the ground beside the barn. For 24 years it had remained there undisturbed, its location marked by a stake, forgotten by all but the grandfather; it was to be used to drink to the health of the bridal couple. It would be opened that night when the wedding festivities began. First would come the feast in the spacious dining room of the ranch house. Cars full of merry families were already collecting in the farmyard.

The long table in the dining room bore up courageously under its load. Fried and roast fowl, roast beef, roast pork, steaming garlic sausage and cold cuts, set at intervals down the board, were surrounded by bowls of potato salad, coleslaw, varieties of pickles, cake, jams and jellies, stacks of white and German rye-bread, rolls of yellow butter and dishes of savory vegetables. In the center stood the wedding-cake, decorated with white frosting and colored icing and topped by a papier-mache bride and groom. As the guests sat down, perspiring matrons charged in from the confusion of the kitchen with bowls of steaming noodle soup, the yellow noodles cut by hand and fine as a woman's hair gleaming through the globules of chicken fat that floated on the surface.

The Meal

For a solid two hours the guests ate. The minister and his wife, the rural school teacher, the bridal party and the elder men of the immediate family at the first table; secondary guests and other relatives at the second table and on down until the scores of children delved into the remnants. And all the time, the waiting or finished men shouted hoarsely and hilariously over pinochle and pitch games, aided and exhilarated by *schnapps* and beer. By the time the last vestige of viands had disappeared and stacks of soiled dishes were being washed and dried by a kitchenful of gossiping, laughing and bustling women, the men had repaired to the barn where a hundred dollars' worth of new lumber had been fitted down

and an accordion, violin, and zither were to be heard a-tuning. Cars were clustered thickly in the barnyard and a white moon cast a chiaroscuro across the scene from the great cottonwood trees that stood about like dark sentinels and a warm southwest wind made the night vaguely musical.

As Grandfather Kunkle crossed the farmyard toward the rear of the barn a sudden nostalgia assailed him and he paused. He saw again the wedding feast for his first son, when the whole village of Saratof had been on hand with friends from neighboring towns and a few strange faces—bearded horse traders from the Kurghis steppes—who came to pay respects and hoist tankards of vodka and swing the village girls until their starched skirts had stood out like gay-colored bells. There had been no motorcars then, no paved highway running by the farm along which roared great trucks that sounded above the merry-making; only horses, carts and wagons. There were no hip flasks carried by the men, no cigarettes smoked by the girls, no calls at the dance for "swing" tunes. And long ago on that night the mighty Volga had lent its lilting murmur to the sounds of the celebration. Then, above the noise in the barnyard, above the whine in the darkness that marked the oiled highway, Grandfather Kunkle was sure he could hear the voice of the rushing Yellowstone bringing a cadence almost akin to that of the Volga. He went on.

Three young men, shoulders bulging through their Sunday coats, plied shovels under his direction and unearthed the barrel filled with wine. Twenty-four years in the earth had mellowed the wooden staves until they could be sprung in like tough rawhide. But the barrel remained in the ground and the grandfather would see to it that what was ladled out was sold at the dance by the leader. But first he sampled it, finding it pungently sweet and possessed of sufficient American "kick" to please the most discriminating. One free drink went also to the fathers of the bride and groom, one to that happy couple, one to the best man and each usher and a pitcherful to the women in the kitchen. The rest was to sell.

The catgut wail of the fiddle and the billowing notes of the accordion filled the summer night as the musicians on the raised platform that had been constructed at one side of the barn began tuning their instruments. Before them stood a small table upon which rested a tin pan and the first brimming pitcher of wine from the rotting barrel. Guests were beginning to fill the barn, ranging themselves on the seats

that had been strung along the sides of the dance floor; the men grouping on one side, leaving the women to themselves on the other.

Festivity

THE orchestra swung into a German waltz to start the festive couples dancing, with a few of the younger couples taking the floor. A few dances in this manner and the leader in a booming voice called for the first six couples for a dance with the bride. Six men stepped forward and each dropped a quarter in the tin pan and received in return a glass of the cherished wine. Their ladies waited expectantly during the tasting and lip-smacking that followed and were rewarded by having the men stand self-consciously near them while waiting for the music to resume. As soon as it did, they swung their partners onto the floor. One of the seven couples on the floor was the bride and groom.

After a short interval the leader signaled the musicians and a halt was called. One of the six dancing men approached the bride and pinning a one-dollar bill upon her dress, claimed the dance. The bridegroom danced with the vacant partner. This process was repeated until all the six men had danced with the bride and six oblongs of green currency fluttered from her dress front.

For a time the dance progressed with reserve and a certain decorum was obvious on the part of the young bucks and the elder men. Laughter was restrained and voices pitched lower than was customary. The minister and his wife were still at the farmhouse. Finally, they departed after declining an invitation to remain for the dance, which they looked in upon as a gesture. With the formality of entertaining the minister out of the way, the dance went on apace.

Then the leader called a halt and the bride was brought forward, giggling and shy, accompanied by her groom, and, kicking off her slippers, handed them to the leader. His holding them aloft was the signal for spirited bidding among the ushers and best man. After much hilarity the bidding stopped at $12 and a stocky farmer lad was handed the coveted prize amid many jibes and much elbow-punching on the part of his friends and rival bidders. From then until dawn greyed the sky and made black silhouettes of the pine-topped bluffs south of the Yellowstone, the dance went on. Couples stomped loudly at the end of each measure and men yelled hoarsely as they swung their partners on the corners, bringing startled cries from the

pigeons roosting on the rafters above.

Bars of sunlight tipped down into the valley from the eastern hilltops to reveal cars departing from the barnyard with cargoes of sleepy children and tired men and women, homeward bound to early morning chores and a day's work. Mothers would send swollen-eyed children off to school after breakfast for them and the men and then would visit with neighbor women from distant towns who would make the rounds during the day. Men would do morning chores, set water in fields to be irrigated and for part of the day the whole family would work in the fields.

By nightfall all would be back at the Kunkle farm for another dance and more rounds of pinochle and pitch—for the keg of wine was still partly full and a first born Kunkle and a Benner girl did not get married every day. When the winebarrel scoop scraped bottom, the roisterers would depart, back to the daily toil of the beet fields to wrest a further livelihood from an earth that knew no measure of failure when worked as only the German-Russians, after generations that had rooted them to it, knew how.

Biology and Socialism

"To the biologists the problem of socialism appears largely as a problem of size. The socialists desire to run every nation as a single business concern. I do not suppose that Henry Ford would find much difficulty in running Andorra or Luxembourg on a socialistic basis. He has already more men on his payroll than their population. It is conceivable that a syndicate of Fords, if we could find them, would make Belgium Ltd. or Denmark Inc. pay their way. But while nationalization of certain industries is an obvious possibility in the largest of states, I find it no easier to picture a completely socialized British Empire or United States than an elephant turning somersaults or a hippopotamus jumping a hedge."

—J. B. S. HALDANE

THE ASTROLABE

BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER

TWO FAINT NEBULAE

We would never have discovered them by means of an astrolabe. When mariners guided their ships by means of it over the boundless main, and caravans their camels over the trackless desert, scanning the skies by means of an astrolabe made an end of uncertainty in clear nights and when used by those who knew their constellations. But whatever discoveries were made by the ancients in the firmament of stars were made by the unaided eye. (They must have had perfect sight in ancient Babylonian days, since they were able to make out the moons of Jupiter.) Nor would the use of an ordinary pocket telescope have revealed these two faint nebulae just reported from Mount Wilson Observatory at Pasadena, California. Nor, indeed, can the eye perceive them through the great telescope on Mount Wilson. Such bodies are discovered only through photography by means of red sensitive plates. The report to his fellow astronomers by Dr. Walter Baade, of the observatory, adds two to the eleven galaxies, neighbors to our own galaxy or Milky Way, with which we are familiar. Thus there has been added to our knowledge the existence of two new galaxies that consist of a vast number of stars whirling through space together. These are giant globular clusters of stars located in outer space far beyond the Milky Way universe of which our sun and the earth are members. The distance from us is said to be about 980,000 light years, and a light year is the

distance traveled in 364 days by light at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

There they swing, two faint nebulae, made up of thousands upon thousands of great glowing suns, radiating light at an incalculable rate and seething with energies unbounded, where only God can see them.

There is grandeur in that thought. The agnostic, however, seeks to find encouragement for his skepticism in this tremendous gap between man and the material universe. His objection to the Christian scheme is that God would never choose to visit this small planet and its unimportant inhabitants. He suggests that it is colossal egotism to imagine that God, if there be such a person, with a universe on His hands, should give particular attention to me, and so, that all my little prayers are but wasted breath. Opposed to such criticism, however, is the increasing mass of evidence for the proposition that our earth is the only part of visible existence which is at present an abode of life. The British astronomer Eddington says: "I should judge that perhaps not one in a hundred millions of stars can have undergone this experience in the right stage and conditions to result in the formation of a system of planets. I feel inclined to claim that at the present time our race is supreme; and not one of the profusion of stars in their myriad clusters looks down on scenes comparable to those which are passing beneath the rays of the sun."

The most modern speculation then seems to return to the view of Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, who in his book, *Man's Place in the Universe,* 1903, defended the position: "First, that the earth or solar system is the physical center of the stellar universe; secondly, that the supreme end and purpose of this vast universe was the production and development of a living soul in the perishable body of man."

THE GOLDEN TOUCH OF THE CULTS

The theme is suggested by a note which we found in the financial column of the Chicago *Herald American* on a mail order promotion by Psychiana. This cult is seeking from its members five-year loans in amounts ranging from $100 to $100,000. On this money the founder of the cult, Frank B. Robinson, who calls himself archbishop, offers to pay 8 per cent annually for five years, and his goal is a million dollars. The Chicago Better Business Bureau has shown an interest in the project because of the ques-

tion as to where an organization of this sort may expect to obtain the $1,400,000 to pay back the million dollars it is now endeavoring to raise. It quotes the founder of the movement as saying that he "has almost unlimited funds available to him so we don't care whether we make expenses or not." Neither the financial editor of the *Herald American* nor the Better Business Bureau suggests that Mr. Robinson is trying to obtain money under false pretenses, nor does the Astrolabe place this construction on the Psychiana offer. Some of us would be ready to say that any well-organized cult is able to pay much more than 8 per cent on moneys put to its use. The mystery is, rather, how people can find any religious value in such concerns. St. Paul somewhere refers to the willingness of misguided believers to have false leaders assume control of their souls, smite them in the face, and spend their money. No better illustration of this can be found than the promotion literature of Frank B. Robinson. Listen: "It is imperative that every member of 'Psychiana' get behind the founder—now. What is your duty in this respect? It is very plain, clear and simple. Your duty is to respond to every request of Dr. Robinson and to stand behind him in whatever he asks you to do. He knows what he is doing. . . . " When Better Business Bureau asked Archbishop Robinson how he could offer 8 per cent on investments, it received the following reply: "None of the activities of the Psychiana religion are any of your business."

Psychiana is the newest of the cults, Spiritualism the oldest. The ancient Canaanites had their necromancers who inquired of the dead, and they were no doubt 99 per cent frauds like the modern spiritist mediums. At Belleville, Illinois, Mrs. Mary Rice operates as bishop of the local Spiritualist church and she does not, like Archbishop Robinson, stay within the limit of the law in her designs on the funds of the faithful. The story has no elements of novelty and the names of her victims who signed the warrants at the sheriff's office are of no importance, nor the amount of which embezzlement was charged, which in this case was $3,000.

We cannot leave this subject without paying our respects to Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, who turned her religion and church into a business concern, the profits of which have rivaled some of our great corporations. Says James Snowden: "She is the only founder of a religion known to history who deliberately set about making money from her cult. She was a prophet out for profit. . . . The freeness of the grace of God is

proclaimed all the way through the Scriptures and is one of its glories, but whoever would partake of the promised blessing of Mrs. Eddy's gospel must pay for it and pay well." In the early years of her career she had a revelation which fixed the rate at which her lectures should be paid. It is really pathetic to observe in her story of the incident the shrinking modesty with which she recoiled from the idea of fixing a price of three hundred dollars for twelve lessons running through only three weeks, and the extreme difficulty with which she brought herself to consent to it, though she was acting under a divine compulsion and was led by a strange Providence to do it. She called the amount of three hundred dollars "a startling sum," but this did not prevent her from reducing the number of lessons from twelve to seven without reducing the price of the course, thereby increasing the price from the "startling sum" of twenty-five to the still more "startling sum" of forty-three dollars a lesson. In a note to her students she explained *(Christian Science Journal,* December, 1888) that she had now reached a place in teaching where her students are taught more during seven lessons in the primary class than they were formerly in twelve! Mark Twain figured out that Mrs. Eddy made a profit of 700 per cent on the book *Science and Health.*

THE WORM TURNS

Bureaucracy has a strangle hold on business and it is only the exceptional industry or profession that can as much as murmur against the regulations and the techniques of the federal boards and bureaus. It was surprising news therefore to read that one of the more useful of the Washington agencies, the Office of Price Administration, received as resounding a rebuff as that contained in a letter from the Atlantic City Hotel Association.

It seems that about 100 OPA officials from New Jersey, New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Washington had planned to meet at Atlantic City. "Under no circumstances will we entertain this convention at the Claridge Hotel," wrote G. R. Trimble, manager of the Claridge and president of the local Hotel Association. "I have contacted every hotel here," the letter continued, "and we have all agreed that in view of the unfair and unbusinesslike methods you have used, not only in this particular conference, but also in the relations your office has conducted with the hotel industry, we do not want your conference in Atlantic City.

"The manner in which you have handled this is typical of the manner in which the OPA has been conducted in Atlantic City. This conference was tentatively arranged about ten days ago, then it was canceled on Saturday. After a signed contract arrived, you contacted the manager of the Madison Hotel and told him you were not sure you would hold the conference at the Claridge because you have had some technical violations. No one but a magician could fail to have technical violations of the OPA rent regulations."

APPEALING, HEART-LIFTING, IF NOT INTOXICATING

I refer, of course, to the modern perfumes, their names and their characterizations in the magazine and newspaper ads. As long as the perfumes of the great specialists in fragrance were given merely such names as Creme Bouquet, Polka Dot, and Shanghai, Confetti, and Little Slam, we paid little attention, and so, presumably, also did the public. From the sudden emergence of names like The Three Musketeers, Anticipation, and Enchantment, business marked a sudden upturn, and we have now Love Affair, Frolic, Intoxication and Surrender, pleading for your trade at from $18.50 to $55 per ounce. Then the lid was taken off or the glass stopper uncorked, or something, and the advertising took a strong turn toward the equivocal, the broad and free, the risqué and the slightly obscene. One firm produces a "pulse stirring" perfume. Another is definitely to be termed a "Menace"—when one is mindful of "her most dramatic perfection." Give her another bottle and it will "keep her appealingly fragrant from head to toe." Another has "a warm and sentimental fragrance that's full of subtle appeal," another is "high frequency, heady, haunting, electric," and one manufacturer has found a chemical mixture which spells Surrender—"He will if you wear it, she will if you give it."

What with the sensual rhythm of jazz music, and the ideals of life urged upon the public by our Hollywood stars, and now the suggestiveness of the perfume manufacturer and advertiser, the woman who wants to remain decent must have a pretty tough job. The thing would be exasperating were it not so ridiculous.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Music and Buildings

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Form and structure play an important role in music. One can, I suppose, liken every composition to a building. Some works are jerry-built; others are solid. Some are ugly; others are beautiful. Some are shapeless; others obey the laws of symmetry.

You can derive a large amount of joy from music even though you may have no knowledge whatever of tonal architectonics; but your joy will be increased a hundred fold if you know something about form.

Johann Sebastian Bach was a great master of tonal architecture. To this day no one has surpassed him in the complex art of devising fugues. He observed the laws of counterpoint as he had learned them; but he had the skill, the vision, and the courage to broaden and amplify the scope of some of those laws. Like all great geniuses, he was, in many respects, a law unto himself. In fact, he himself was a mighty maker of laws.

Beethoven realized the importance of form. He wrote fugues now and then; but fugue-making wasn't his forte. If you study his compositions carefully, you'll agree, I'm sure, that he revealed uncanny skill and a wonderful sense of symmetry in what is known as the sonata form—the form used in constructing the first movement of a sonata, a symphony, a quartet, a trio, and compositions of like structural character. Naturally, the sonata form may be employed in building movements other than the first, and at times you'll find first movements in which that form is conspicuous by its absence. The sonata form consists, in the main, of three parts—exposition, development, and recapitulation. Sometimes an intro-

duction precedes the movement proper. It was in the art of development that Beethoven revealed phenomenal skill. No symphonist before or after him has equalled that remarkable ability of his. The next time you hear one of his symphonies, sonatas, or chamber music compositions note how deftly he handles and, as it were, toys with themes and snatches of themes.

Brahms was another master of form. He learned much from Bach and much from Beethoven; but he attached the distinctive Brahmsian trademark to everything he wrote. Think of the last movement of his *Symphony No. 4*. Its workmanship is almost miraculous. Some call it a *passacaglia;* others speak of it as a *chaconne*. In all probability, it's a cross between a *passacaglia* and a *chaconne*. Brahms begins the movement with a simple theme eight bars in length. Then he restates that theme thirty-one times; but he does so with awe-inspiring contrapuntal skill. He employs what is known as the variation form—the form, by the way, which Bach used in constructing his monumental *Passacaglia and Fugue in C. Minor* and in composing the *chaconne* which is a part of his fourth partita for solo violin. Incidentally, the *Finale* of Brahms's *Variations on a Theme by Haydn* is a *passacaglia* in miniature.

Miniaturists

Some composers were never able to acquire outstanding skill in handling the larger forms. Edvard Grieg and Frederic Chopin, for example, were miniaturists. Whenever they undertook to use the sonata form, they imparted a fragmentary character to the composition. This does not mean, of course, that those works of theirs must be brushed aside as failures; but it does mean that from an architectural point of view they're by no means on a par with compositions of the same type by Beethoven or Brahms.

Even the smallest pieces must have a symmetrically designed form. Shapeless masses, whether little or big, have no place in music. Don't conclude, however, that compositions which, for one reason or another, refuse to bend the knee to well-established forms are, of necessity, uncouth or shapeless masses. Remember that there's such a thing as free form. You'll find it, as a rule, in symphonic poems. After all, there must be room in music—and plenty of room, let it be said—for the untrammeled play of a composer's fancy. In other words, there's no law against the devising of new and wholly individualistic forms.

Every piece of music, then, is, in reality, a building. Yes, even those compositions that deal with buildings are themselves buildings. To

Bells and Bell Founders

ON NO. 1 *Thy Glory Lord we will resound*
ON NO. 2 *To all the listening nations round*
ON NO. 3 *And with our tongues*
ON NO. 4 *Our voices raise*
ON NO. 5 *To Thee, O God*
ON NO. 6 *In songs of Praise*
—From the bells of St. Mary's at Shalford

THE CALL of the bells for the New Year is traditional and with it goes the yearning to know something more of these interesting castings of metal which are so rich in both feeling and sentiment.

All over the world there are bells of one kind or another and much has been written about them by great authorities like Stahlschmidt, Morris, Nichols and others. What they have said will be of interest to the specialist but the layman will find much more of real interest in the words of the poets.

Shakespeare, Markay, Scott, Wordsworth, Gray, Cooper, Milton, Poe and a host of English writers allude to the familiar sound of the bell. But the best bell poem of all is a portion of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

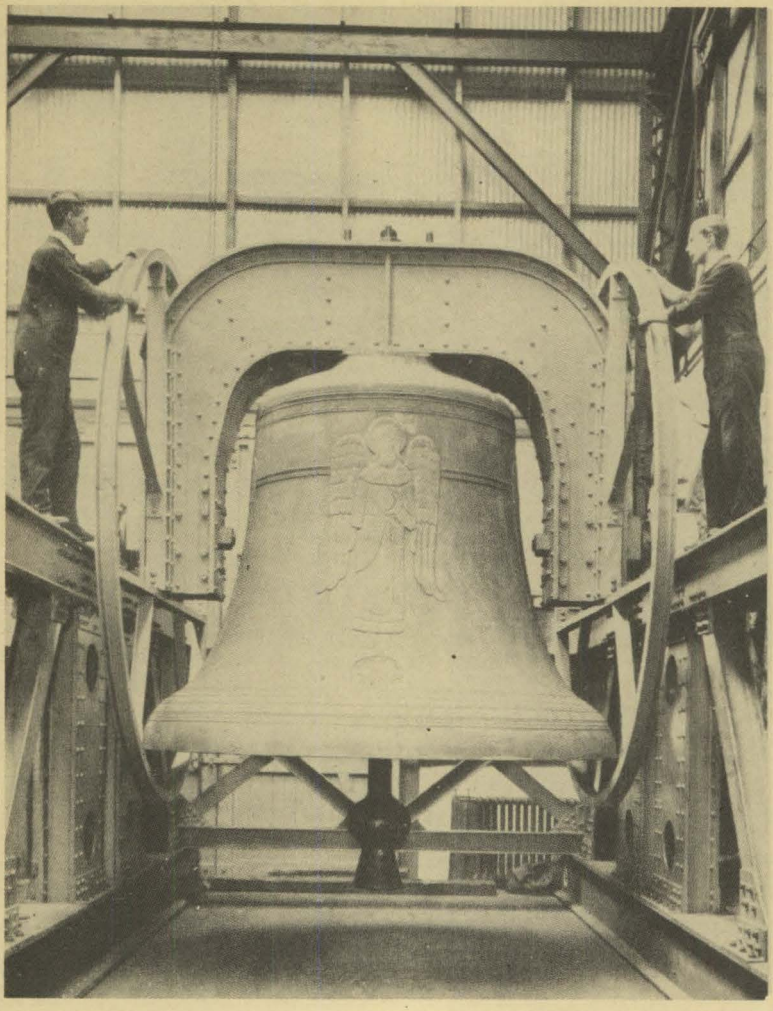
"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

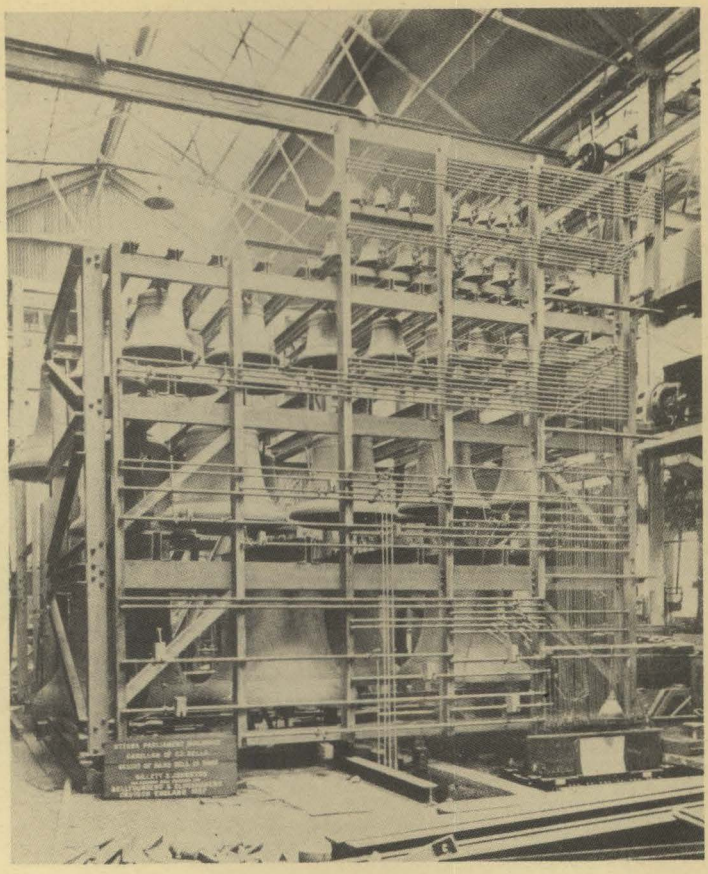
"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN



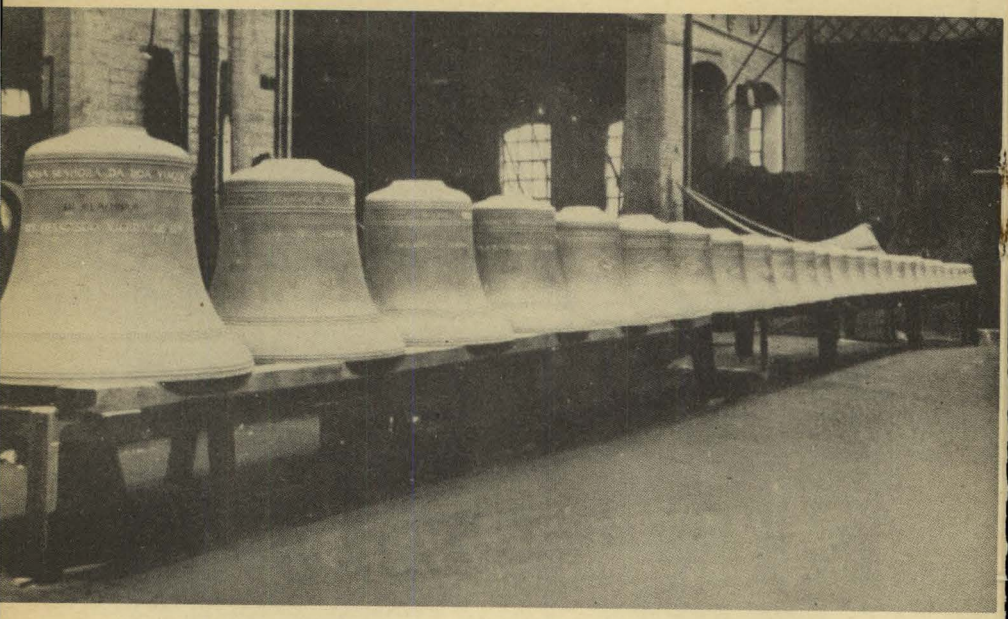
The Bourdon for the New York Carillon

The weight of this bell is eighteen and a quarter tons. It was rung for the first time at the All-England Ringers' Meeting at Croydon, March 1928



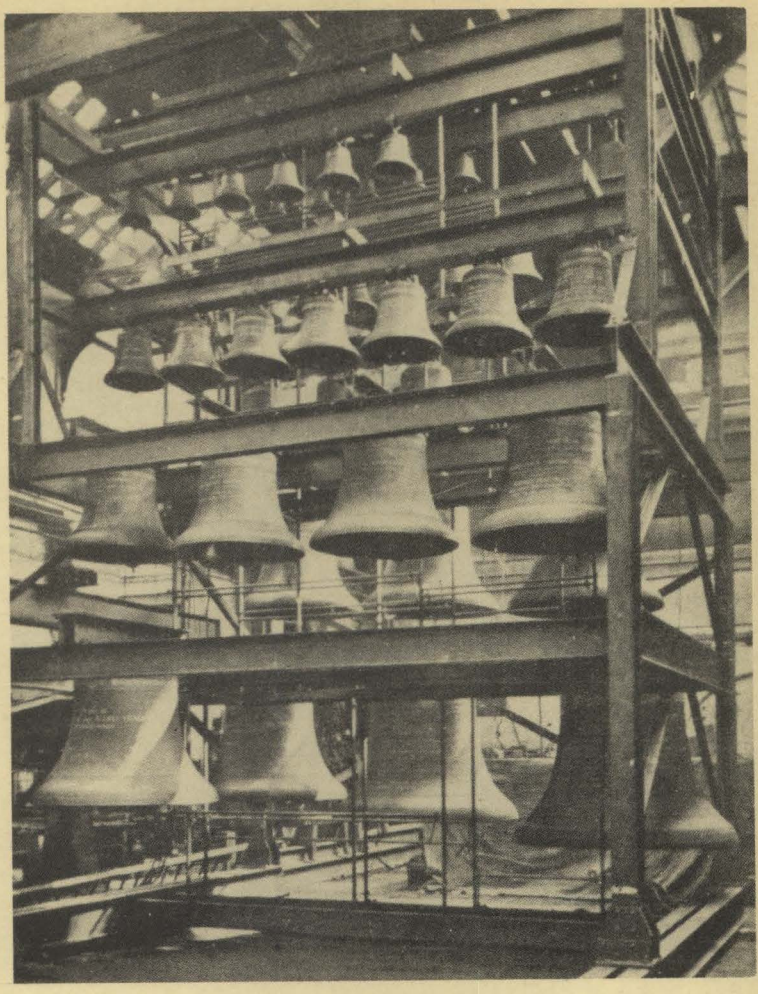
The Carillon in the Peace Tower

The famous Peace Tower at the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, Canada, contains one of the greatest sets of bells in America



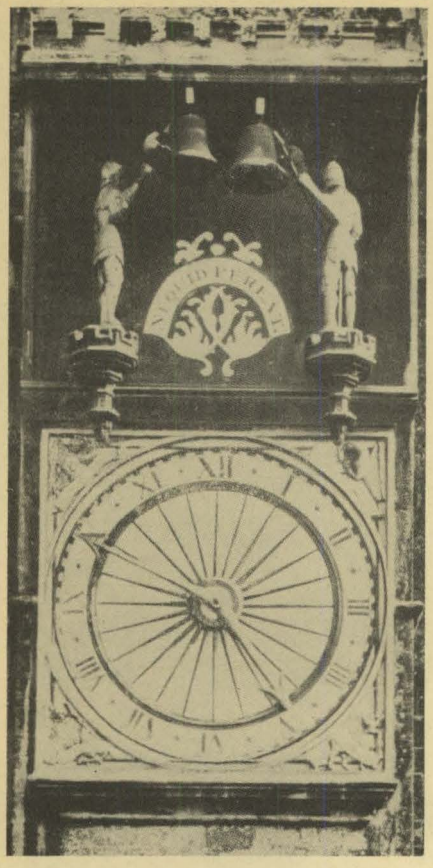
Bells for Our Lady of the Good Voyage

In Gloucester, Massachusetts, a great port in its day, there is another fine carillon in the tower of Our Lady of the Good Voyage



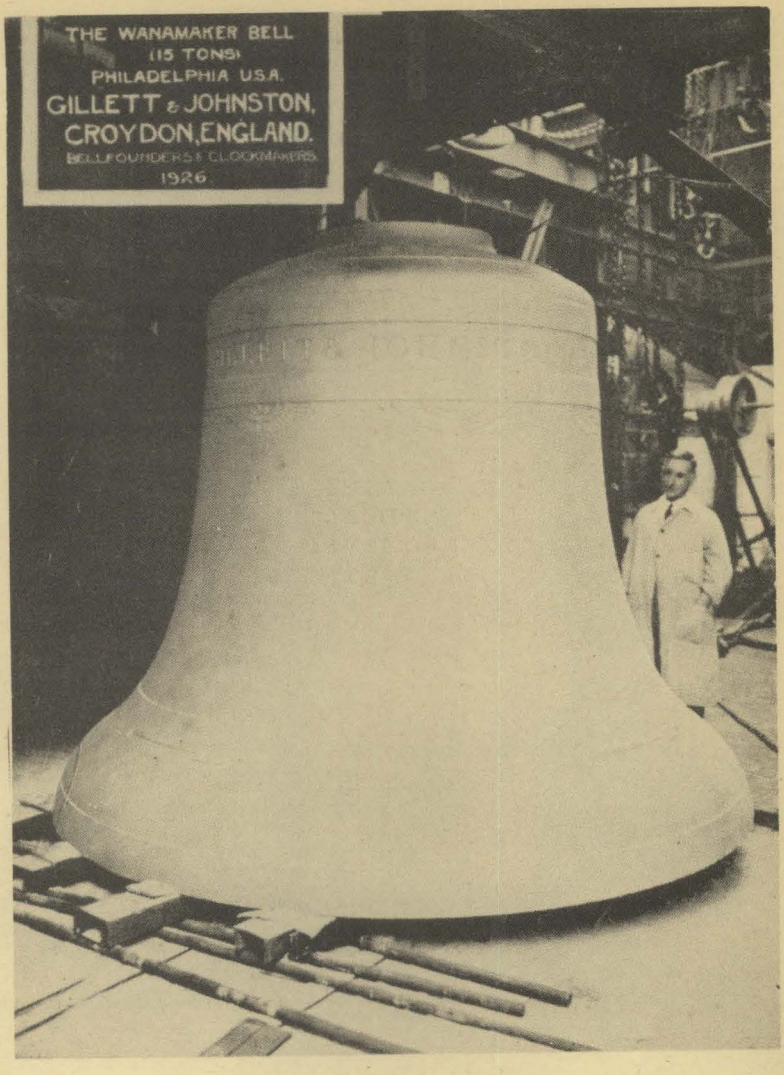
The Loughborough Carillon

This War Memorial is the largest in the British Isles and was given by the famous bell-founders, the Taylors



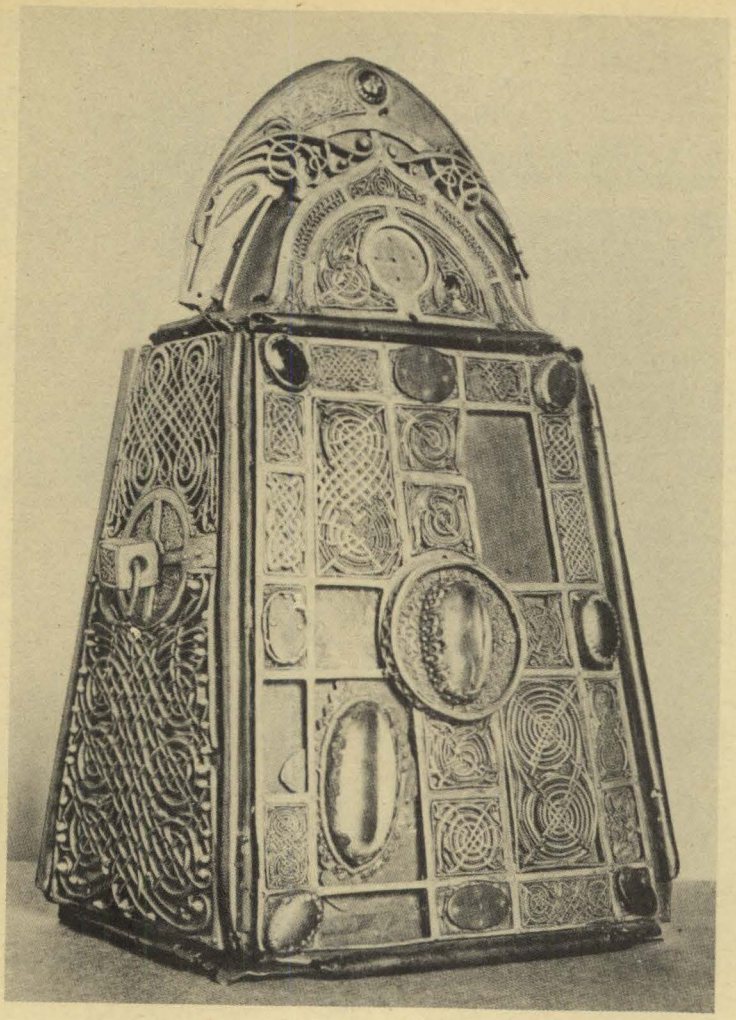
The Wells Clock and Clock-Jacks

These famous knights in armour strike the quarter hours on the bells with their battle-axes. (The term "jack"—from jacco marchiadus, Latin, for a knight in armour)



The Wanamaker Bell

This is the famous fifteen ton "Founders Bell" for the Wanamaker Store in Philadelphia



The Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell

This shrine contains the little bell which is said to have been found in the tomb of St. Patrick in 552 A.D.

be sure, no composer can paint accurate tonal pictures of buildings; but with the aid of titles and program notes he's able to suggest them. At times the suggestions are vague; at times they're remarkably vivid.

Don't concentrate too intensively on the outside or the inside of skyscrapers when you listen to John Alden Carpenter's *Skyscrapers.* Originally the work was a ballet. Later on the composer arranged it in the form of an orchestral suite. When writing the music Carpenter thought more about those who build and look at skyscrapers than about the skyscrapers themselves. He strove "to reflect some of the many rhythmic movements and sounds of American life." You'll hear the blowing of whistles in *Skyscrapers,* and, if you keep the composer's explanatory notes in mind, you'll observe crowds of workers who are bent on forgetting the heat and burden of the day by having fun at "any Coney Island." Note the ingenious use of "Yankee Doodle," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Dem Goo Goo Eyes," and other songs. Don't be too greatly surprised when you hear a saxophone and a banjo.

Do you know Charles Tomlinson Griffes' *The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan?* It's a beautiful composition based on a beautiful poem from the pen of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Does the music match the poem? Well, if you believe, as many do, that what Coleridge writes about the pleasure dome of Kubla Khan is one of the most magnificent poems in the English language, you'll be inclined to approach Griffes' freely constructed and resourcefully scored tone poem with a mind filled with skepticism. Maybe that skepticism will vanish after you've heard the work; maybe it'll remain or be changed into out-and-out unbelief. I myself am convinced that our country, and the world at large, lost a truly great composer when Griffes died in 1920 at the age of thirty-six. Now and then some of Griffes' music, particularly *The White Peacock,* is reminiscent of the style of Debussy; but no one should call the man a copyist. *The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan* proves that he was able to stand squarely on his own feet.

The mention of Debussy's name reminds me of the great French trail-blazer's "The Engulfed Cathedral," from the *Préludes* for the piano. Maybe you're pro-Debussy; maybe you're anti-Debussy. If you're one of those who look upon all his music as highly debatable ground, you're likely to shrug your shoulders in doubt when you hear "The Engulfed Cathedral." If you believe and are sure that Debussy was a freak

among composers, you'll consign the prelude to outer darkness as a bit of meaningless and quasi-impressionistic slush. But why not give the man a fighting chance? Many—and I'm proud to be one of them—are convinced that Debussy was a great master and that his music needs no defense. Yes, even the free forms he used are, to my thinking, proof positive of his abiding greatness. He was a sturdy pioneer.

A Breton Legend

♪ Before listening to "The Engulfed Cathedral" read the following brief program note:

A Breton legend tells us that on clear mornings, when the sea is transparent, the Cathedral of Ys, which lies slumbering and accursed under the waves, emerges slowly from the depth of the ocean and of the ages. The bells ring, and the chanting of priests is heard. Then the vision disappears again under the indolent ocean.

Pay particular attention to the Gregorian chant in "The Engulfed Cathedral." Henry Prunières, the able French writer, said of Debussy:

He accomplished a complete revolution in musical art. He invented new ways of associating chords hitherto regarded as discords and used them to produce exquisite and delightful harmonies, and he disengaged the separate timbres of the orchestra by making one accentuate the value of the other instead of combining them in confused masses. In this respect his method is that of an impressionistic painter who lays on his canvas primary colors side by side instead of mixing them on his palette.

By the way, have you ever heard of the *Tierce de Picardie* (Picardy Third) ? No, it isn't a composition. It's a harmonic device which originally had something to do with buildings. You're listening, let's say, to a composition by Bach, by one of his contemporaries, or by one of his predecessors. That composition is in a minor key; but it doesn't end on a minor triad. If, for example, the work is in C minor, the concluding chord isn't C E flat G. It's C E G. Why? Is it because, as many have said, the composer wanted to be happy at the very end of a piece if it wasn't possible for him to be happy before? Fiddlesticks! In Bach's time —and before his time—there was a widespread notion that a minor triad—C E flat G, for example—wasn't pleasant to the ear when it was played or sung in the churches. That's the origin of the custom of concluding a composition written in a minor tonality with a major chord. No one knows exactly why that mode of procedure was called *Tierce de Picardie*. Maybe it came into use for the first time among the theorists of Flanders and Northern France. The protagonists of the *Tierce de Picardie*

advanced acoustical reasons for its employment.

Shall I mention "In the Hall of the Mountain King," from Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite No. 2?* Mountain gnomes mock Peer Gynt and dance around him in wild frenzy. At the end the hall crashes in ruins when distant church bells are heard. Someone has called the vivid little tone poem "a veritable musical hornets' nest."

Albert William Ketelbey's "In a Chinese Temple Garden" deserves passing mention. It's programmatic in design, and in some circles it's still popular; but it's far inferior in worth to Grieg's "In the Hall of the Mountain King."

Naturally, there are numerous songs addressed to buildings. Think of "Dich, teure Halle," which is sung by Elizabeth in Wagner's *Tannhäuser,* and of "Salut Demeure" ("All Hail, Thou Dwelling Lowly"), which is sung by Faust in Gounod's *Faust.*

"The Old Castle," in Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition,* is an impressive bit of writing. When hearing it one can easily imagine a troubadour standing beside the tower of a medieval castle and singing with deep-felt emotion to the fair lady of his choice. You'll enter sacred catacombs when you listen to the *Pictures.* In addition, you'll see the hut of Baba-Yaga, the Russion witch. It's built on the legs of a fowl. Finally Moussorgsky will show you "The Great Gate of Kiev"—a high gate with turrets and clanging bells.

Yes, it's fascinating to hear music which deals, in its own subtle way, with buildings; but it's far more fascinating, I believe, to give careful attention to the many types of architecture to be found in the tonal art. Study form as it appears in compositions, and you'll add immeasurably to your enjoyment and edification. Any sensitive listener will be thrilled to hear the fourth movement of Beethoven's *Eroica;* but when that listener knows that the marvelous *Finale* of the *Eroica* is a theme and a set of wonderfully made variations, he has a much keener realization of Beethoven's wizardry. As a result, he listens again and again to the magnificent peroration of the great symphony and sees with increasing clearness that Beethoven was indeed a giant in the earth.

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

Of Time and Eternity

THE PILGRIM. By O. P. Kretzmann, Litt.D. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. 1944. 137 pages. $1.50.

THIS review obviously is one that did not pass through the hands of the editor. (He will be surprised, upon reading this, to see what things can happen to THE CRESSET after it leaves the editorial desk!) But the "Literary Scene" would be remiss indeed if it did not bring the notice of a book which will assuredly be welcomed by every CRESSET reader, and by many another, as well.

The Pilgrim needs no introduction even to the casual reader of this magazine. Ever since THE CRESSET began its journalistic career more than seven years ago, Dr. Kretzmann's monthly column—written in his own chaste and moving style—has been a recurrent source of joy and stimulation to an increasingly large number of readers. Our editor, at length, was prevailed upon to make a representative selection of his writings for publication in book form. (We hesitate to use the term "best," for month after month, as we see "The Pilgrim" in proof sheets, we inwardly exclaim, "This is the best yet!") This, then, is an anthology—one that will take its place, we are convinced, among the truly great devotional literature of the Christian Church.

The Pilgrim conveys the thoughts of eternity in the language of time—and the thoughts of time in the language of eternity. It could have been written only by one who has felt the presence of God and seen the glory of His face. It will help make our own pilgrimage easier, and the goal appear more bright.

Character Study

SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1944. 599 pages. $3.75.

SINCE the 1750's, when Samuel Johnson came to general notice, interest in his powerful personality has never flagged. His death, in 1784, "released a spate of anecdote, re-

miniscence, and biography of which Boswell's *Life* is only the best and best-known specimen. Since that time his cult has never ceased to function and today there is probably no other English man of letters except Shakespeare whom so many people acknowledge as the chief interest of their lives."

Professor Krutch's book is in part an attempt to help both general readers and specialists to be aware of the distortions in the media through which they must look in their effort to see Johnson. These media are the various memorialists who have presented him and the twentieth-century mentality of those who seek him. But the book is not a mere series of warnings; in its turn, it is a remarkably full presentation of the events of Johnson's life, his personality, and his writings.

The mentality of Boswell has been completely exhibited during the past fifteen years through the discovery and publication by Colonel Ralph Isham of voluminous diaries, long believed lost. Krutch emphasizes the fact that though Boswell was eager, he was shallow; furthermore, it was his delight to set situations and questions of a sort to produce interesting reactions on the part of the Doctor. He reminds us too that as Boswell lived in Scotland he was able to spend only a relatively small number of hours in Johnson's company. Further light has also been thrown on Mrs. Thrale, whose *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson* appeared five years before Boswell's *Life,* by the recent publication of her detailed diary, *Thraliana.*

The question has long been debated of the relation between the accounts of these memorialists and the famous conversations as they actually took place. Krutch believes that although neither Boswell nor Mrs. Thrale took running notes, and although neither was so scrupulous as to forbear "improving" Johnson's utterances if minor alterations occurred to him, and although Boswell's diaries show that on occasion he edited plain statements cast in language never meant for public scrutiny, yet on the whole these accounts are very nearly accurate.

The total picture of Johnson that Krutch presents shows a very complex personality: a large man, proud of his physical strength, whose lifelong ailments, including impaired eyesight and hearing, kept him in a state of inertia; a self-exacting moralist, among whose closest friends were rakes and rogues; a just and kindly man who was, nevertheless, so impatient of stupidity as to be constantly rude; a gifted writer who hated composition and was completely satisfied with conversation; a courageous man who fell almost into panic at the thought of death; a penetrating thinker and powerful logician whose chief delight was the gay battle of wit. And the setting for his personality is always dirty, crowded London; for Johnson believed that only in a great capital can a man experience the fullness of human existence.

In his narrative Krutch includes quantities of the famous anecdotes and observations. He also devotes many pages to critical discussions of the writings. He attempts in every

case to give enough of the history of ideas to indicate the background against which the work appeared to its eighteenth-century readers. His critical method is not, however, limited to the historical; he makes estimates of the absolute value of Johnson's work.

Readers of Krutch will find themselves with a more accurate measure of Johnson than they had before. They will wish, then, to return to Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, and the rest, and reread them in terms of the full picture. And they will wish to reexamine the two poems, *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes;* and of the prose work, certain *Ramblers* and *Idlers,* the essay on Pope, and the Shakespeare criticism.

Voice from the Grave

THE CHURCH LOOKS FORWARD. By William Temple. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1944. 193 pages. $2.00.

THIS volume presents addresses delivered on various occasions by Dr. William Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who departed this life on October 26, 1944, after having served as Primate of all England for 2½ years. The addresses deal with such varied subjects as health, finances, education, religion. The language is simple and clear. One finds many quotable statements and observations. The author distinguishes clearly between personal opinions and revealed truths of God. The messages breathe the spirit of personal modesty and intellectual honesty.

The Archbishop quite obviously recognized the importance of Christian unity and greatly desired its achievement. Pending the attainment of such unity he urged the need for greater emphasis on those things which Christians (in the Biblical sense) do have in common so that the unbelieving might be the more ready to listen to the truths proclaimed by the united voice of Christendom. This, we believe, is a point worthy of note. Christians have said so much about their differences and so little about the fundamental truths they have in common that the world knows only of their differences.

This volume reveals that Dr. Temple had given much thought to the social implications of Christian teaching. He evidently believed in the Scriptures as the Word of God and in Jesus as the God-man who has redeemed men by His atoning sacrifice. He clearly states that the Church's first duty is to the Lord and not to society. This did not, however, blind him to the fact that Christian life must be lived in the midst of human society and that the Church has the obligation of steadily addressing itself to the consciences of men.

The author recognized that it is the business of the Church to provide the spirit and that of the politicians to provide the method for the improvement of social conditions. The last sentence in the book expresses his spirit when he writes, "It is as worshippers at the cross of Christ that we set ourselves to win for the world true peace." He conceived of Christianity as the principle which alone can integrate all of life.

The sectarian bias of the author becomes evident when on page 18 he declares Episcopal Ordination to be indispensable for the ministry in his church and for a truly complete union between his church and churches holding to a Presbyterial or Congregational principle of church government. His testimony to the atonement is not as clear and certainly not as frequent as would have seemed necessary in view of the audiences which he addressed and the Christian life which he advocated and for which the atoning sacrifice of Jesus must ever remain the dynamic force of motivation. He recognized the problem of unionism, that is of anomalous pulpit and altar fellowship among such as are not fully united in Christian truth, but was confused as to the solution (p. 10).

Anyone who wants to get a fuller vision of the significance of the Church for society will be helped by this book.

Biased Biography

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS: HENRY CABOT LODGE. By Karl Schriftgiesser. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1944. 386 pages. $3.00.

At the moment intense efforts are made to channel American thought into the idea that a world organization of nations is essential to insure the peace of the world. Dumbarton Oaks, the impressive screen biography titled "Wilson," many books, and countless lectures and articles all stress the same idea. The subject is given such prominence that one becomes suspicious of the idea and inquires: "Where is the evidence that such an organization of nations will achieve its end? There certainly is no precedent for it. All one could say in its favor at the moment is that it might be more successful than isolationistic policies which nations have pursued in the past." This does not mean that we do not favor a world organization, but we are still anxiously looking for the method this organization will employ to stop future wars. Dumbarton Oaks left this writer hopeless.

To this present-day interest, Karl Schriftgiesser's biography of Henry Cabot Lodge (1850-1924) is a significant contribution. That is to say, the biography seems overly tendential. One gets the impression that Henry Cabot Lodge is, on the whole, a good boy before he is brought face to face with the prospect of a League of Nations. He is a very bad boy, and he becomes progressively worse, as he sees the idea of a League taking form and gaining friends. He performs a most impious act when he sets out to destroy the League.

This approach of the author to Senator Lodge constitutes what seems to us both the strength and the weakness of the biography. The strength, because it enabled the author to spotlight those elements in Lodge's character and public service which somehow reflect Lodge's isolationism. One knows this side of Lodge very well when one has read the biography. But the weakness of the book consists in this, that the author does not succeed in doing justice to so prominent

and many-sided a figure as Senator Lodge. Regardless of what one might think of some of Lodge's political practices, and even though one might agree with the author "that the bosses of Tammany Hall could have taken lessons from Lodge as he ran the Republican machine," will any one dare say that a man who served his state as senator for thirty-two years, who because of repeated visits in Europe must have had somewhat of an international outlook, whose substantial number of books, articles, addresses still command attention, and who was close to, if not intimate with, at least a half dozen presidents, unthinkingly accept the author's final conclusion (p. 361): "His (Lodge's) real memorial was . . . the surge of death that roared across Europe in the autumn of 1939, the catastrophe that we call the Second World War, and that he helped cause it himself, that he started the dreadful grotesquerie that day when he sat beside Theodore Roosevelt's bedside plotting the destruction of Woodrow Wilson's dream for humanity and turning America back from the world, unto herself?"

The book is well written. If one finds in it a good dose of cynicism, this may be due to the cynicism in the subject of the biography rather than in the biographer. Amid all the great American figures whom we meet in this book, such as Carl Schurz, Henry Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and others, that of "the gentleman from Massachusetts" remains prominently in the foreground. As a gripping and thrilling story of major political events in the three decades 1894 to 1924, this biography will achieve wide acclaim. A bibliography of almost nine pages and a well-done index enhance the value of the book.

Entertaining

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE SOLDIERS. By Margaret Halsey. Simon and Schuster. New York. 1944. 207 pages. $2.50.

SOME *of My Best Friends Are Soldiers* is a novel which deals with racial and religious prejudice in a new, fresh, convincing, and highly entertaining manner. The form of this novel is an old and tried one for the story is presented through the letters of a stay-at-home sister to her brother who is stationed in one of the large Army camps. The letters are witty, gay, and well written, and they succeed in making even housekeeping sound as if it had many amusing and worthwhile moments.

The principal theme of the book is the gallant fight which Gretchen and a few staunch friends wage against the racial prejudice rampant at the canteen where they are hostesses. Strangely enough, the Jewess who is the martyr of the story is neither brilliant, nor sensitive, nor gifted. In fact, she is not exceptional in any way except that she is noisy and has an irritatingly loud voice. Unfortunately, Mae Rabinowitz's voice disgusts the sensitive Aryan ears of one of the canteen's wealthiest patronesses, and Mae is told to leave, not because she is noisy, but because she is Jewish. Gretchen and her friends rally to Mae's defense and

finally win a decisive although minor victory.

The sub-plot, deftly and amusingly woven in and around the story of the battle in defense of Mae, is a good old-fashioned love story with a distinctly modern twist.

The heroine, her testy father, the masculine roomer, and brother Jeff emerge from the letters as real people who have the rare and enviable quality of being able to say just the right thing at the right time, and their right things are usually very clever.

Except for a few lapses into questionable taste in some of her figures of speech, Miss Halsey has written an amusing novel on a very serious subject. Her book will be read by many a reader who would never read an abstract essay on the problem of racial prejudice. For that reason it is an important book.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

Light Reading

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1944. Selected and edited by Herschel Brickell and Muriel Fuller. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, New York. 1944. 250 pages. $2.50.

"WALKING WOUNDED," by Irwin Shaw, the first-prize story of this year's anthology, is a study of the psychological damage wrought in an English officer by three years of war. Its vein is typical of the collection. Of the twenty-one stories only two are concerned with humor. The second-prize story, "Home Is a Place," by Bessie Breuer, is another wartime document, a study of the first days of a middle-aged woman's widowhood.

Two of the war stories, Frank Yerby's "Health Card," considered by the judges the best "first" story, and Morton Fineman's "Soldier of the Republic," develop the implications of the war in regard to race prejudice. Soldiers' homesickness is the theme of Josephine W. Johnson's "Night Flight," a *tour de force* of fantasy.

Of the stories that do not concern the war, several deal with tragic relationships. "What a Darling Little Boy," by Ruth Knight, is an intricate study of an unusual subject—a child's cruelty toward his stepmother. "Maine," by Margaret Osborn, concerns infidelity in love, but is memorable chiefly for its descriptions of the Maine coast. Elizabeth Eastman's "Like a Field Mouse over the Heart" is a study of a twelve-year-old girl's developing sense of power and her older sister's jealousy; it offers interest also in its background—the life of the Finnish cranberry-growers on Cape Cod.

"The Stagecoach," by Griffith Beems, which won the third prize, is a humorous sketch of an old man's persistence in maintaining the distorted recollections of his childhood. A story that seems to have baffled and even irritated some of the judges, but which appealed to this reviewer, is "Lions, Harts, Leaping Does," by a young writer, J. F. Powers. These animals represent the refractory impulses that still assail an elderly and correct Franciscan priest, Didymus, who, at every step, notes with discouragement his obvious spiritual in-

feriority to his comrade, the simple friar Titus.

The judges gave high praise to Gladys Schmitt's "All Souls," a story remarkable for its style and pattern. Marguerite Young, the poet, contributed to the collection her first short story, "Old James," an ironical history of Indianapolis told in an unusual, indirect method.

For some reason the anthology this year does not come up to last year's level; nevertheless, it still contributes several evenings of good reading.

War's Wreckage

ACCOUNT RENDERED. By Vera Brittain. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1944. 339 pages. $3.25.

"THIS is what happens when a civilized community goes to war," observes one of the *raisonneurs* of this novel. "Every great war renders its account to the society that made it, but those responsible are seldom the ones who pay. It's civilization itself, not Francis Halkin, that ought to be in the dock."

Vera Brittain, the author of the famous *Testament of Youth,* uses her experience of World War I again in this study of mental illnesses and their cure. Francis Halkin, a sensitive nineteen-year-old lieutenant, gifted as a pianist and composer, is injured mentally by both traumatic and functional violence. After the war, though he seems well, he is liable to fits of amnesia when subjected to great emotional strain. This illness, dormant through the 1920's and '30's, while Halkins pursues a successful career as an industrialist and composer, returns at the unnerving climax of the fall of France, and he finds his life fallen to chaos.

Considered as a novel, *Account Rendered* is faulty; the conversation is labored, and the characters are oversimplified. But as a piece of propaganda for an excellent cause—the systematic effort to prevent and cure mental disorganization—it deserves considerable praise. The trial scene helps the uninitiated reader understand the relative responsibilities of the individual and of society in maintaining mental health. And the last quarter of the book, though factitious as narrative, is absorbing as a treatise on the possibilities of mental therapy. Miss Brittain emphasizes the importance of courageously accepting one's past and using it frankly as the foundation of one's future. She also pleads for more intelligent statesmanship so that war—one of the most obvious causes of mental damage—may be obviated.

Postseason Review

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1943-44: The *Year Book of the Drama in America.* Edited by Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, 1944. 548 pages. Illustrated. $3.00.

FOR twenty-five years students of the drama have welcomed and treasured Burns Mantle's able and authoritative annual postseason review of the American theatre. The eminent critic's most recent volume, *The Best Plays of 1943-44,* covers the third wartime season in the theatrical world. Mr. Mantle observes:

From a showman's point of view, which is naturally that of the box office, it will doubtless be counted one of the best. More poor plays sold for more money than ever before recorded. Many merely good plays were fairly consistent box office successes and, of course, the legitimately successful plays were sensational money makers.

One West Coast theatre manager reported, "All we had to do is open the doors—then get out of the way."

Drama critics were less favorably impressed by the new plays introduced to theatre audiences. Claudia Cassidy, of the *Chicago Tribune,* writes, "A year ago Cecil Smith described the Chicago theatre season of 1942-43 as prosperous but uninteresting. The best I can say for the season of 1943-44 is that it is busier but no better." In New York City neither the Drama Critics Circle nor the Pulitzer Prize Committee could agree upon a single play of American authorship which they considered worthy of their respective prize awards. Mr. Mantle concludes his introduction to *The Best Plays of 1943-44* with these words:

A casualty list these 1943-44 best plays may be, but it is a list that fits consistently into the theatre record of a nation at war. Historians of the future, contrasting it with earlier wartime seasons, and linking it to those that are to follow, will, I hope, be able to extract from it significant trends and interesting analogies.

The plays for which Mr. Mantle has chosen excerpts for this book are *Winged Victory,* by Moss Hart; *The Searching Wind,* by Lillian Hellman; *The Voice of the Turtle,* by John Van Druten; *Decision,* by Edward Chodorov; *Over 21,* by Ruth Gordon; *Outrageous Fortune,* by Rose Franken Meloney; *Jacobowsky and the Colonel,* by S. N. Behrman; *Storm Operations,* by Maxwell Anderson; *Pick-up Girl,* by Elsa Shelley; and *The Innocent Voyage,* by Paul Osborn.

Down to Earth

WHAT IS MUSIC? By John Erskine. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1944. 212 pages. $2.75.

JOHN ERSKINE has won considerable renown as a man of letters. It is not so widely known that he has achieved distinction in the world of music. He is an able pianist and for ten years he served as president of the Juilliard School of Music in New York City.

In *What Is Music?* Mr. Erskine discusses the tonal art in a thoroughly down-to-earth manner. He has the rare ability to write authoritatively about music in a style that is facile, fluent, and clear. Extensive observation has shown him that during the last century the teaching of music "has made brilliant advances so far as concerns technique" but that "otherwise it has settled into a rut." He calls his book "an experiment by way of pointing out where simplification and expansion are needed."

In chapters entitled "How Many Kinds of Music?" and "What Is Music Made Of?" the author discusses harmony, counterpoint, form, program music, absolute music, and numerous other important matters with admirable conciseness and clarity. He

never loses sight of the frequently overlooked fact that one cannot talk properly about the language of the tonal art without referring constantly to its content. Then he deals entertainingly and, at the same time, in an unusually skilful way with notation and musical instruments.

What about a career in music? The author has much sound advice for the "many younger musicians, and some older ones," who "are asking today whether there is such a thing as a career for them in the United States." The chapters devoted to the performer, the composer, and the teacher reveal wide-reaching knowledge. Mr. Erskine does not hesitate to be frank. When talking about music as it fares in the schools of our land he says bluntly:

> When music was first introduced into the modern school, it was shoved in by public demand, not welcomed cordially among the traditional humanities. Those in authority were not sure what the effect on the students would be, what influence musicians might have. Mathematicians, historians and linguists they were used to, and though some mathematicians here and there were eccentric, and some linguists, especially foreigners, were occasionally uncertain in their domestic relations, still, on the whole, their behavior compared well with that of the average mortal. But how about musicians? The members of the board of regents, a few decades ago, were familiar with musicians at a distance, in the concert hall, but they didn't hobnob with them, they rarely asked them to dine, they suspected them wholesale of extreme unconventionality. If musicians, then, must be admitted to the teaching staff, prudence suggested that they should be as little like other musicians as possible, and as much like other teachers. The state requirements for the training of its music teachers still serves this aim, to encourage a resemblance between music teachers and other teachers, and to prevent the music teacher as far as possible from being a musician.

Concerning musicologists, Mr. Erskine writes, "The scholarship of the musicologist we can admire, yet at the same time regret that anyone with a talent for music should be anything but a musician."

Criticism of music as it is usually practiced in our country seems to be a thorn in Mr. Erskine's flesh. He declares:

> Criticism worth writing or reading should always illuminate the art. The audience will get from it reasons for liking the music as much as they did, and reasons for liking it more. After learning from the critic, they will be eager to try out their new knowledge by hearing the concert again. The artist will find in true criticism intelligent recognition of what he is trying to do, and good advice, direct or implied, how to do it better. But if the critic teaches or inspires neither audience nor artist, what he writes is not criticism but unprofitable praise or blame. Most of the verdicts which appear in the newspaper the morning after are a waste of space.

Veteran's Return

SOLDIER TO CIVILIAN. Problems of Readjustment. By George K. Pratt, M.D. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York. 1944. 233 pages. $2.50.

THE rehabilitation of returning servicemen is a favorite subject for discussion among social workers, medical men, educators, and religious

leaders today. So much so, that one is almost tempted to cry, "Leave the poor fellows alone!"

But the problem is not quite so simple as that. It is true that much harm can be done by over-solicitude on the part of well-meaning relatives and friends upon the soldier's return. It is equally true that the great majority of the returning veterans will, in the course of time, find their own way back into the normal channels of peacetime living and that they will resent being treated as though they were abnormal. But it would be foolish, indeed, to suppose that the shattering experiences of battle leave no deep impression upon the soldier's mind, even though he come through physically unscathed. Nor is it reasonable to imagine that adjustment to civilian life will be easy for anyone who has been subjected to the rigid discipline and regimentation of the army for a period of three or four years.

These are some of the very pertinent issues that Dr. Pratt discusses in this helpful book. But the author's main concern is with those who will come home from war emotionally shattered or physically disabled. Their rehabilitation will prove to be one of the major problems confronting the nation during the next years.

Dr. Pratt points out that 45 per cent of the medical discharges from the armed forces are for some psychiatric reason. Most of these were technically classified as "psychoneurosis." This is by no means to be regarded as a form of insanity, but is the equivalent of what in World War I was called "shell shock." The stigma attaching to the term in the popular mind has been largely avoided since the army no longer uses the word "psychoneurosis" on discharge papers, but has substituted the simple phrase, "unsuited for military service."

Those who return from military service because of psychiatric difficulties must of course be given professional care. The government has made far-reaching provisions for the treatment of these cases. At the same time, the soldier's family and friends can do much to aid him along the road to recovery. The best formula is: "Be natural." Dr. Pratt writes:

> Adopt a natural attitude toward him. Merely because he is emotionally sick does not mean that he is helpless or should be excused from all ordinary responsibilities and courtesies. Bear with his eccentricities or irritabilities up to a reasonable point, but do not permit him to tyrannize over the family. Let him feel by your attitude that you understand and sympathize with him, but do not commiserate with him. If he starts in on a bout of self-pity try to change the subject or plan some diverting activity. Be ingenious; let him do as he pleases the first few days, but after that brief breathing spell commence planning with him along whatever lines may be indicated, finding a job, hunting up the old crowd, etc.

The author also discusses in detail the treatment of the physically disabled and disfigured veterans. Here, too, maudlin sentimentality must be avoided, and a sensibly helpful and sympathetic attitude cultivated. This is Dr. Pratt's advice:

> If he was a mature, sturdy personality before his injury, he will recent being pitied and babied. If he was formerly

immature and dependent, babying will only crystallize his self-pity into an eager and permanent loss of all incentive to become reliant. Give him tasks to perform around the house, scold him good-naturedly when he deserves it just as you used to do, encourage him to resume old friendships as if nothing had happened, let him feel from your attitude that you stand always four-square behind him, and, above all, *do not make him dependent.*

A particularly valuable feature of this book is the supplementary section, which contains the full text of the prospectus prepared by the National Committee on Service to Veterans, entitled: "Community Services for Veterans: A Guide for Planning and Coordination."

Out of the Night

AND NOW TO LIVE AGAIN. By Betsey Barton. Appleton-Century Co., New York. 1944. 150 pages. $1.75.

BETSEY BARTON is the daughter of Bruce Barton, well-known author and former congressman. She is herself a gifted writer and has contributed to many of the leading American journals. But the significant thing about Betsey Barton—the factor that makes her first book so eminently interesting and worthwhile—is that into her twenty-six years have been compressed more suffering, disappointment, and near-despair than come to the ordinary person in the course of a lifetime and that she has finally emerged victorious over them all. She has, literally, learned to live again—happily, creatively, constructively. This book is the fruit of her experience, and in it she holds out a helping, friendly hand to all those who, like her, have tasted the bitter dregs of suffering and pain.

And Now to Live Again is a practical guide to the rehabilitation of those who have been disabled by accident or disease. It is a long and weary road, as Betsey Barton can well testify, and it requires infinite patience. But the goal *can* be reached. Betsey Barton knows, for she has reached it. And if the road will not be quite so long and wearisome for those who must travel it after her, some of the credit must surely go to Miss Barton and to her wise and encouraging book.

Miss Barton speaks from personal experience about the shattering effects of physical disaster upon the mind and spirit of the individual. But then she goes on to show how she found, after years of frustration and anguish, the secret of contented and purposeful living. And she is convinced that everyone who has shared her experience can find that secret, too.

Miss Barton shows the psychological aspects of the problem, the importance of developing the right attitude on the part of the sufferer, of convincing him that he *can* rise above his handicaps and again become a useful member of society.

We who have been felled by accident or disease will always believe that our advance is over, that we are done. . . . It has become evident to me, now that ten years have passed since my accident, that we are not ever so badly handicapped in our bodies as in our minds.

It is our minds that become inflexible and set. It is our minds that lose hope, that feel failure, that shrink from new things and hide away and refuse to come out. . . . It has taken me all these years to understand one of the first things my teacher said to me when I went to him.

"We are not going to have to deal with the paralysis of your legs. At first we cannot," he said. "We must deal with the paralysis of your imagination."

She describes in detail the magnificent work being done at the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York City, which has helped twenty thousand persons to find health and work. Such centers for training and rehabilitation, she avers, should be established in all the larger cities of our country.

The problem of human rehabilitation and reintegration will become especially great and urgent with the return to our shores of the many thousands of disabled and disfigured veterans of the present war. The solution to that problem will be made easier if Miss Barton's approach is followed. For that reason this book ought to be required reading for every wounded serviceman—and for their families as well.

It is significant to note that Miss Barton recognizes the importance of religion in piecing together the wreckage of a human life. "We are being forced," she writes, "to realize the amazing practicality of the religious point of view. We are beginning to see that any other view has been and must always be impractical."

The book is rendered still more valuable by the inclusion, at the end, of the report of the Baruch Committee on Physical Medicine, which offers a wealth of practical suggestions for the problems of physical rehabilitation and readjustment.

Caveat Emptor

THE ADVERTISING SMOKE SCREEN. By Blake Clark. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1944. 228 pages. $2.00.

BACK in 1927, Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink amazed the American consumer with *Your Money's Worth,* a study in the waste of the consumer's dollar. They demonstrated conclusively that the consumer is a veritable guileless "Alice" in the "wonderland" of advertising. *Your Money's Worth* was entertaining and withal instructive reading.

Now Blake Clark gives us the *Advertising Smoke Screen,* reminiscent of Mr. Chase, but with a manner and method all his own, exposing the fantastic claims of advertisers who cheat the consumer and do great harm to honest advertising. Mr. Clark recounts the story of the endless battle of the Federal Trade Commission to substitute truth for sensational falsehood in advertising. He is not afraid to "name names," and the reader is frequently startled when he meets old and familiar advertising phrases, dinned into his ears at the cost of millions of dollars, in the rogues' gallery of dishonest ads. This makes *The Advertising Smoke Screen* instructive reading for those who are minded to heed the implied warning of the author.

Blake Clark's book is, however, no

mere exposé of dishonest advertising. He poses a challenge to all advertisers to practice their art in the real interest of the buying public, pointing out the tremendous service which honest advertising may render in times of peace and particularly in wartime.

Blake Clark is no novice at the writing game. He may be best remembered as the author of the article on cigarette advertising in the *Readers' Digest,* which created a furore a few years ago. He was assistant professor of English at the University of Hawaii when Pearl Harbor was bombed, and on the basis of his experience wrote *Remember Pearl Harbor.* He is now a sergeant in the army and is stationed in Washington.

H. F. WIND

Great Musician

TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS. By David Ewen. Henry Holt and Company. New York. 1944. 216 pages. $2.50.

THE story of Johann Strauss is the latest addition to the Holt Series of Musical Biographies, and it is the only biography of Strauss in print in America. The title, *Tales from the Vienna Woods,* is suitable not only because it was one of Strauss's best-known waltzes, but because the city of Vienna and its people are as much a part of Strauss as he was a part of Vienna. The story is not exclusively about Johann, Jr. It begins with Johann, Sr., who was acclaimed the "Waltz King" of his day. Johann, Jr., became a musician against his father's wishes. The rivalry between them took on the proportions of a feud when all Vienna was allied either to the father or to the son. After the death of father Strauss, the city soon forgot the feud and worshipped his son as "King Johann the Second."

The life of Strauss was full of success and happiness, yet he did not escape sorrow and disappointment. The two women he had loved most, his mother and his first wife, died. He was so broken up he would not attend either of their funerals for fear he might collapse. Finally, peace and contentment came with a third marriage to a life-long friend.

In addition to the weaving of an interesting story about the Strauss family, the author has included in the appendices a glossary of German words; the works of the Strausses, numbering about 500; a list of recordings of Strauss music with album numbers and performing artists stated; a Strauss family chart with dates; eight Strauss themes written on one staff; and an eight-page summary chart of events, both musical and political, of the world the Strausses lived in. The book is attractively illustrated with pen and ink drawings by Edgard Cirlin.

JESSIE SWANSON

English Tale

HARD FACTS. By Howard Spring. The Viking Press. New York. 1944. 285 pages. $2.50.

SET in industrial England in the latter part of the last century, *Hard Facts* teems with the sounds, the smells, and the life of a large

northern manufacturing city. The smoke, the fog, and the dimly lit streets of the town are as real as the people whose stories are told. And the novel tells of many people: of Theodore Chrystal, the dewy-eyed clergyman whose gradual decline ends in disaster; of Dan Dunkerley, the owner and creator of "Hard Facts," a tremendously successful penny paper; of Alec Dillworth, its editor; and of Elsie, his beautiful but not too virtuous sister. Although the novel has no real hero, Theo's is the story which the reader follows with the most interest.

Soon after Theodore arrives in the North, a territory new and strange to him, he finds himself enmeshed in the lives and fortunes of many of his parishioners. A clergyman, he soon discovers, is called upon to do more than offer spiritual guidance from a safe distance. His entrance into the practical affairs of his new-found friends leads to the complications which form the plots of the novel.

But it is with character development, rather than with drama or narrative, that Mr. Spring has been concerned. Theo is convincing as a youthful clergyman, sincere but puzzled, who is gradually overcome by events and who finally repudiates the woman he loves in a scene so melodramatic that it narrowly escapes being silly. The steps leading to his fall are logical, and the fact that he scurries for help to another woman is easily acceptable.

Alec, the bitter and brilliant editor of "Hard Facts" is a typed character—the artist who prostitutes his art to provide creature comforts for a loved one. In Alec's case, this loved one is his sister Elsie, whom he rescues from "a fate worse than death," and a fate to which she had been condemned by her cruel parents. Though she laments and repents her past, it finally catches up with her and leaves her without a man, without a violin, and with only one good hand.

Many of the minor characters, though presented briefly, are vivid and memorable: the landlady who fed Theo's body and hence eased his soul; Dan's wife, who talked too much; and Mr. Burnside, the wise, merciful, and just old preacher who practiced Christianity even more than he preached it.

Howard Spring's novel is well worth reading not only because of its interesting story but also because of its clear prose style and the accurate picture it gives of middle-class life in 19th century England.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

Story of Science

MEN OF SCIENCE IN AMERICA. By Bernard Jaffe. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1944. 600 pages. $3.75.

BERNARD JAFFE is head of the Physical Science Department in Bushwick High School, New York City. Besides authoring several textbooks in chemistry, he has written *Crucibles,* which won the Francis Bacon award for the Humanizing of Knowledge in 1930, and *Outposts of Science,* a selection of the Scientific Book Club for 1935. *Men of Science in America* has likewise been select-

ed by the Scientific Book Club as an outstanding scientific book of 1944.

The purpose of the book is the presentation of the amazing story of the growth of science in the United States. Jaffe tells this story in biographical sketches of the outstanding scientists, beginning with Thomas Herriot, who came to America with Raleigh's expedition in 1588, and ending with Ernest Orlando Lawrence, builder of the giant cyclotron on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. Between these two men we are introduced to the physicist Benjamin Thompson; the anesthetist, William J. G. Morton; Matthew Fontaine Maury, hydrographer; Pierpont Langely, aeronautical engineer, and a host of others, twenty in all. The concluding chapter is entitled "Future of Science in America," in which the author substantiates his view that after the war America may well become the center of the scientific research of the world.

This, however, is not a mere lifeless recital of more or less isolated scientific discoveries. Jaffe understands the close integration of scientific discovery with the development of our social structure and, conversely, the influence which historical, political and social events inevitably bring to bear upon scientific development. This is, therefore, a story of the unfolding of American genius, enriching and enlarging the life of the common man, presenting him with ever new opportunities for the enjoyment of life and service to his fellowman.

The story is told in relatively simple language, which a well-read layman may readily understand. The reading of this book will bring the reader many hours of real enjoyment, while enormously enlarging the storehouse of his information. The book will thereafter always remain on his shelves for ready reference on a host of scientific subjects.

There are many illustrations and a comprehensive index. The paper is of good quality, and the binding is excellent. It is a real bargain at the price asked by the publisher.

H. F. WIND

More Than a Cookbook

MAINSTAYS OF MAINE. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1944. 185 pages. $2.00.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, an American poet of some note, now emerges as a culinary expert in this latest book. While the "Mainstays" are famous New England dishes plus recipes for their preparation, the book is much more than this—true Americana.

The reader indeed enjoys a mental banquet, the main entree of which is the true ecstasy of food prepared a la Maine with appetizers, side dishes and desserts of humor, humanity, reminiscence, and philosophy.

The chapters reveal that the fundamentals of preparing any one of the generation-to-generation secret dishes, which gave our New England ancestors that iron-clad resistance needed for their strenuous life, involved not only just the "right pinch of this and that" with cooking timed

by the "sun's rays creeping across the floor," but also a knowledge of the birds, fish and animals and an esthetic appreciation of the plants and vegetables used in the cookery.

Mr. Coffin pays high tribute to his mother and her cooking which was an art. And as he points out, she had to be good as she stood trial before a jury of five sons, five daughters and a hearty husband. Proof of the validity of his tribute is evidenced by the mouth-watering recipes given.

But *Mainstays of Maine* is more than a mere cookbook. A tangy touch of humor is added throughout by the writer's description of relatives; the uncles, long beards and "gates-ajar moustaches," devouring plate after plate of clams, goose, dressing, roasted racoon, turnips, cranberries, and mincemeat pie; the platoons of he- and she-cousins scampering in, on, and around the place, eating their sweets first and then falling asleep after stuffing themselves with apple dumplings and goose; the aunts who talked all at once "till the house sang like a beehive in the month of June." These individuals become so life-like by the use of Coffin's poetic prose that the reader is transported into their midst as one of them.

All of the above coupled with his amusingly interesting accounts of, for example, the capture of a lobster from the ocean floor; strawberry picking on all fours on "green velvet"; an old-fashioned Thanksgiving; the perfect clambake; and Baked-Bean Saturday, that cornerstone of New England's civic serenity gives a new insight into the ways of life of pioneer New Englanders, specifically the State-of-Mainers.

D-Day

MANY A WATCHFUL NIGHT. By Lt. John Mason Brown, U. S. N. R. Whittlesey House, New York. 219 pages. $2.75.

MANY A WATCHFUL NIGHT, by Lt. John Mason Brown, U.S.N.R., is one of the candid records of what happened before and during D-Day as the allies invaded the Cherbourg Peninsula. The book is divided into sections called "Overture," "Background," and "Action." In Chapter I, which is the "Overture," Lt. Brown speaks of the preparations being made in England for battle. In the "Background" he describes the "invasion" of England which the Americans had to make in order to execute the progress of plans. He speaks of the generous moving out of the English to make the Americans welcome. Further on he tells about a visit to see Bernard Shaw, and depicts the incongruous contrasts between springtime and the war. In the last section Lt. Brown describes the combined force of the air, water, and land powers that surged across the Channel toward France. It is from the decks of the *Augusta* that the author sees the horrors and beauties of the night raids. The method of attack, the features of the land, and the battle's aftermath are well described.

The literary style reminds one too much of poetry. Poetic effects such as metaphors, word rhymes within the same or adjacent sentences, too many repetitious parallelisms, and

melodic lilts to the sentences make one conscious of word patterns rather than the importance of the meanings. Though the style is florid, we appreciate the vast knowledge of classical literature that has so well prepared the author for his profession of literary criticism and authorship.

If you want a book filled with keen observations of events during D-Day, contrasts between the English and American modes of life and temperament, the thoughts and reactions that men have when faced with different situations in war, and the humanization of war despite mass control and mechanical mobilization, the enjoyment is yours by reading *Many a Watchful Night.*

MILDRED POWELL

From the English Stage

FOUR PLAYS. By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1944. 289 pages. $2.50.

THE four plays collected here were produced in England between 1938 and 1943. Three of them proved very popular; "Music at Night" is said to have broken the box-office records at the Malvern Festival; "They Came to a City" was a long London success; and "Desert Highway" was played at Army centers all over England and Canada. Their appeal is easy to understand. The characters are common "types," obvious to all spectators, and yet they are sufficiently satirized to interest the more sophisticated; in each play the technique or the situation is unusual; and the system of values is on the humanitarian level.

"Music at Night" might be considered an extended dramatization of Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," developed by the chain-of-consciousness technique. While two musicians are giving a preview of a concerto offstage—only the opening chords of each movement are actualy heard—their audience, guests at this small musicale, rise and disclose their thoughts in regard to their relations with each other and the secrets of their own lives. The varying words of their meditations are induced by the changes of the music. The dramatic progression lies wholly in the realm of insight: the characters do not change, but the music draws them together so that they understand that their frailties and hopes are common to the group.

"The Long Mirror" is a study of a strange psychic relationship between a woman and man who have never met or even corresponded. The chief interest in this unlikely situation arises from the triangle formed by this woman, a painter; the man, a composer; and his childish but devoted wife.

"They Came to a City" resembles "Music at Night" in that the characters represent various social classes and, in their discussion, demonstrate the spiritual ills of these classes. The city is Walt Whitman's: "I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth. I dreamt that was the new city of friends." Though many of the lines are clever, the play is rather empty propaganda.

"Desert Highway" includes a novel second act, in which a party of six British soldiers marooned in the Syrian desert are translated back to their prototypes on the same highway in 703 B.C. The play is a propaganda piece designed to induce persistence in the age-old struggle against barbarity. Apart from this, it is of interest for its realistic picture of soldiers' life.

The Human Race

DEAR BABY. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1944. 117 pages. $2.00.

THE value of Saroyan's work lies in his respect for the individual. He does not see his Armenians and other minority figures as being funny or as being material for a tirade on tolerance. Rather, they are human creatures, each with his complex of frailty and strength, and each worthy of record. In "Dear Baby" he presents a prize fighter's confused but simple emotions; in "The Struggle of Jim Patros with Death," a sturdy Greek workman's determination not to succumb to influenza; in "The Declaration of War," a barber's pride in his own opinions.

His particular excellence is probably best demonstrated in such subtle pieces as the story of the old man and the hummingbird, and of the boy who sees his beloved flashlight as a token of the grace of God that will save his chum from death in an acute illness.

Unfortunately, Saroyan frequently contents himself with facile contrasts, mere statements of emotion, factitious suspenses, and smart self-consciousness. Several stories in this collection are completely free from these faults; a few consist of little else. Some of the pieces are too short to be effective; Saroyan might recall Aristotle's observation that for a work of art a certain magnitude is essential.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

AS A CAVALRYMAN REMEMBERS

By George Brydges Rodney. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1944. $4.00.

COLONEL RODNEY has written a personal history of his service from 1898 to 1932 as a cavalryman in the Regular Army.

His tale is well-written. He avoids the sentimentality characteristic of the memoirs of those who have spent long years in any service. Personal accomplishments are modestly related; the statements regarding the relationships between politicians and army officials are revealing; the anecdotes of army life are interesting and humorous; the language is somewhat frank but nevertheless realistic. The account of Rodney's long service in the Philippine Islands makes interesting reading at a time when our troops are again fighting for control of that area.

The excellent make-up of the book is representative of traditional Caxton workmanship. The clear print, the fine plates which are of definite historical value, and the binding combine to make the comparatively high price of the book reasonable.

On the dedicatory page the author ably sums up the content and expresses the spirit of the book with a quotation from Kipling:

I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth
In jesting guise but you are wise. . . .
And you know what the jest is worth.

BEHOLD TROUBLE

By Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1944. 340 pages. $2.75.

BEHOLD, trouble aplenty when a conscientious objector, and misfit in society—even in the society to which he is accustomed—runs amok and begins his own private war in fancied defiance of a draft board order to report to a civilian work camp. The scene is laid in the hills of upper New York and the plot progresses as, one by one, the neighbors of this rebellious C.O. are drawn into the turmoil of his revolt, some to

be killed (including the hero of this piece), some to be wounded, some to be seduced, but willingly, and all to be troubled. It is a sordid tale, cluttered with unnecessary profanity, and unnecessary fornication, peopled with the same characters as those men in their natural state whom the Apostle Paul describes in the opening chapters of his Letter to the Romans, only here with unnecessary but confirming detail. Apparently, the author's only use for the Scripture is as a volume from which to choose a title (taken from Jeremiah 8, 15). Altogether, an unnecessary book!

IT'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

By Robert St. John. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., New York. 1944. 248 pages. $2.50.

IN the summer of 1939 veteran newspaperman Robert St. John left his quiet New Hampshire farm and sailed for Europe. The smell of war was heavy over the European continent, and day by day the sound of marching feet grew more ominous. Mr. St. John reached the Balkans just in time to cover the Nazi invasion of Yugoslavia for the Associated Press. His experiences in that unhappy land are recorded in *From the Land of Silent People,* a best seller of 1942. For his first novel Mr. St. John again dips into his own exciting adventures as a war correspondent. *It's Always Tomorrow* tells the story of Daniel Sedgwick, the young Chicago reporter whose first overseas assignment plunged him into a strange world of peril and intrigue.

Mr. St. John writes with the authority of an eyewitness when he describes the panic and the despair of refugees caught by the machine-gun fire of low-flying German planes, and he is on firm and familiar ground when he depicts David's reactions to the brutal and debasing pattern of Nazi conquest. He is far less successful in his development of a weak and somewhat confused plot. *It's Always Tomorrow* falls far short of the high standard achieved by Mr. St. John in *From the Land of the Silent People.*

BRIDGE TO BROOKLYN

By Albert E. Idell. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1944. 385 pages. $2.75.

A LEISURELY story of American family life in an era when life was a little more leisurely. The Rogers family, an interesting combination of Quaker substantiality and Irish spirit, continue the domestic adventures they began in the same author's "Centennial Summer." A move from their familiar surroundings in suburban Kensington (Philadelphia) to Brooklyn introduces new friends for the whole family, a hopeful array of new suitors for the eldest unmarried daughter—and her worried mother—and all the pleasures and problems that might reasonably beset a family circle in the latter decades of the nineteenth century. Overshadowing all the family's weal and woe is the Brooklyn bridge, with whose building the bluff and hearty pater familias is connected. Happily enough the book has no axe to grind, no cause to vindicate, no vital message

to herald. Its bid for attention simply exists in presenting an entertaining vignette of life as our own grandfathers and great-grandfathers found it. They had their inconveniences and their compensations, and the author has given us a pleasantly readable portrait of them in his "Bridge to Brooklyn."

POLO PALS

By May Hall Thompson. Illustrated by Franklin Hess. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1944. 214 pages. $2.50.

YOUNGSTERS will find fun, adventure, suspense, and much valuable information in *Polo Pals*. The story has to do with horses and polo, particularly with Hush, a silver-gray colt who had once run with a herd of wild horses.

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS

By Miriam Young. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York. 1944. 255 pages. $2.50.

IN spite of the paper shortage, this seems to be the time to seek a publisher for one's memoirs, unimportant though they may be. In *Mother Wore Tights,* Miriam Young reminisces about the experiences of her parents, Frank Burt and Myrtle McKinley, who were a well-known comedy team of the golden days of vaudeville. The obviously admiring daughter succeeds in making her parents real and loveable, but she does not write well enough to bring back the real spirit of the days of vaudeville. Her book makes us realize that vaudeville holds a warm spot in the hearts of those who remember its golden days, but it does not succeed in making those of us who were born too late long for the return of the "two-a-day."

Vaudeville has an important place in the history of American culture. In spite of its rowdiness and broad humor, it deserves a more lasting monument than this volume.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR 1943-1944

By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1944. 325 pages. $3.00.

THIS compact and concise volume contains the cast, a brief synopsis, and a critical evaluation of every play produced in New York during the season 1943-1944. It includes not only criticisms of all the professional performances but of many amateur and experimental offerings too. Mr. Nathan, the dean of American drama critics, is often brutal; but his criticisms are fair, and they are always good reading. When he finds a play good, his praise is never ecstatic. When he finds a play bad, however, he blasts away at it with such withering contempt and malicious impatience that the reader can almost see the actors, the author, and even the stage hands writhing with shame and anger.

Everyone who is interested in the theatre or who enjoys the stimula-

tion of pungent prose will want a copy of this book.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

WESTERN WILD LIFE

By Allen Chaffee. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1944. 205 pages. Illustrated. $2.50.

CHILDREN will derive much profit from Allen Chaffee's absorbingly interesting book on many of the wild creatures that are found in the mountains, deserts, and forests of our Western States. At the same time they will enjoy the volume. In *Western Wild Life* the author has written fascinating accounts of the everyday life of the mountain goat, the jumping mouse, the grizzly bear, the condor, the yellow wolf, the road runner, the chuckwalla, the pack rat, the hoary marmot, the bison, the skunk, the chameleon, the sea otter, the red lynx, the ring-tailed "cat," the coney, the elephant seal, the coyote, the burrowing owl, and the horned toad.

Order Form for Books Reviewed in the January Cresset

Check Here	Title	Price
☐	1. *The Pilgrim*, by O. P. Kretzmann	$1.50
☐	2. *Samuel Johnson*, by Joseph Wood Krutch	3.75
☐	3. *The Church Looks Forward*, by William Temple	2.00
☐	4. *The Gentleman from Massachusetts: Henry Cabot Lodge*, by Karl Schriftgiesser	3.00
☐	5. *Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers*, by Margaret Halsey	2.50
☐	6. *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1944*, selected by Herschel Brickell and Muriel Fuller	2.50
☐	7. *Account Rendered*, by Vera Brittain	3.25
☐	8. *The Best Plays of 1943-44*, edited by Burns Mantle	3.00
☐	9. *What Is Music?* by John Erskine	2.75
☐	10. *Soldier to Civilian*, by George K. Pratt, M. D.	2.50
☐	11. *And Now to Live Again*, by Betsey Barton	1.75
☐	12. *The Advertising Smoke Screen*, by Blake Clark	2.00
☐	13. *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, by David Ewen	2.50
☐	14. *Hard Facts*, by Howard Spring	$2.50
☐	15. *Men of Science in America*, by Bernard Jaffe	3.75
☐	16. *Mainstays of Maine*, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin	2.00
☐	17. *Many a Watchful Night*, by Lt. John Mason Brown, U.S.N.R.	2.75
☐	18. *Four Plays*, by J. B. Priestley	2.50
☐	19. *Dear Baby*, by William Saroyan	2.00
☐	20. *As a Cavalryman Remembers*, by George Brydges Rodney	4.00
☐	21. *Behold Trouble*, by Granville Hicks	2.75
☐	22. *It's Always Tomorrow*, by Robert St. John	2.50
☐	23. *Bridge to Brooklyn*, by Albert E. Idell	2.75
☐	24. *Polo Pals*, by May Hall Thompson	2.50
☐	25. *Mother Wore Tights*, by Miriam Young	2.50
☐	26. *The Theatre Book of the Year 1943-44*, by George Jean Nathan	3.00
☐	27. *Western Wild Life*, by Allen Chaffee	2.50

THE CRESSET
875 North Dearborn
Chicago 10, Illinois

Date .....

Gentlemen:

Please send the undersigned, postpaid, the above books, for which I enclose $ ..... in full payment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Verse

Prayer

You must have been aware,
Dear Lord,
(Although we made no prayer)
How drear
Our little world had grown
With fog
And rain and cloud in monotone
Of days.
And last night You sent the mist
And cold
To shape it for a chrysalis
On things.
Today our world is glass,
And silver
Where the sunbeams mass.
The wind
Makes a music as it goes
Poised so
On its dancing invisible toes.
Dear Lord,
There are no words to hold
Our thanks . . . .
Only in the heart is it told.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

We Who Are Weak

We who are weak,
Who cowered in the dust
Amid the gray of sunset's gloomy tint—
Know what it is to hope
And hope
In vain.

We who are weak
Have leaned upon a strengthening tree,
Have watched the wheel-prints in the snow,
Have watched
And waited
Long.

We who are weak
Have felt the warmth of lonely trees,
Have followed barren paths of shovelled snow,
Have lost ourselves
Alone
Among the hills.

We who are weak
Have kneeled upon the earth
And turned our tear-streaked faces up to God,
And turned our tear-filled gaze upon His tree,
The lonely, friendly pine
Upon the hill.

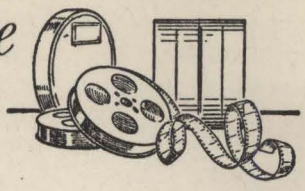
We who are weak
Have known the valley's deepening shade,
Have fallen deep into the valley's depth,
Have lain there deep and long and still,
And known despair.

We who are weak
Have stumbled on the road;
We know how much it means
To feel God's helping hand.

DOROTHY MEYER

Foxhole Conversation

Oh, God, make me a patriot saint—
The kind that men who bind the blood
Of boys like me into cold type and history books
Will praise—The kind for whom they ring the bells
When all the glare is done and tell of all the glory
Which they brought upon the name of our fair town.
Help me, by some yet undiscovered power,
To keep this uniform from all disgrace
And have it be the symbol of the right and light
Against the wrong and darkness which is in the earth—
But when you have done all you could
To make me fit the army and its work
And all the bitterness and fear we have to fight,
Then help with myself—help me remember
Who I am—my name, my place in life,
My mother and my dad—my girl—
The kids at home—the bunch at school—
My little dog with his expressive stubby tail—
The way the gate squeaked when I went away—
The church, the bells on Sunday
And the comforting old church, where seats
Were worn from worshipping for nearly sixty years—
Let no noise of the battle's roar drown out
That Sunday prayer—"keep them in honor—
In Thy fear—keep all dishonor far away
And Jesus very near and bring them home again"—
Then I shall be a hero where it counts
And find forgiveness in the Only Blood
Whose shedding has had any power
To bring the peace of God to frightened men
Who failed themselves when Eden's glory died
And never have recovered Paradise
Because they tried without Thee, Lord. Amen.

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

WHAT part can motion pictures play in the postwar mental rehabilitation of the world? How can they assist in furthering new concepts of life among the nations – concepts without which future wars are inevitable? What shall be their share in forming character and perfecting skills? What can they do in the common labor of preserving the way of democracy toward social economy and justice?

The difficult task of formulating answers to these important and pertinent questions was assigned to Walt Disney, the famous cartoonist and animated film producer, as his part in the New York Herald Tribune Forum of Current Problems held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City in October, 1944. Mr. Disney is especially well qualified to speak on these subjects. He is a pioneer in the field of the screen cartoon, he is directly responsible for many revolutionary trends and developments in the technique of the animated film, and he has worked with and for the United States Government in the production of training films for the members of our armed forces as well as documentary and educational pictures for the home and industrial fronts. The November issue of *Film News,* the official periodical of the Educational Film Library Association, contains a reprint of Mr. Disney's excellent address. The famous creator of Mickey Mouse admits that he was given "a very tough assignment." He says:

> I cannot presume to speak for the entire motion picture industry. Neither can I pretend to possess any magic formulas—or pose as an educator or sociologist. But, in common with other men who have some command over the medium of the screen, I am keenly aware that the motion picture has a definite obligation to fulfill in this field. . . . I believe there is no longer any question in the minds of the formal educators that

the medium of the animated film is perhaps the most flexible, versatile and stimulating of all teaching facilities. The question now is where, how and with what means the educational film shall be included in the tool kit of the pedagog.

Mr. Disney reviews the results which have already been achieved in the field of audio-visual education and discusses the problems which must be met in the not-too-distant future. He continues:

Our first objective is to reaffirm the ways and the aims of our democracy, so that the men and women who have been defending them shall be determined to *prove* them and make them real in fact. Then we must get down to economic cases, open their eyes to the opportunities and methods through which a worker can achieve a position of dignity and security. Finally, we must work to train the coming generations so that no schoolroom shall lack the benefits of educational films. I place no limitations of territory on that classroom. For in the motion picture we have a medium that speaks all languages. What we can do in this country we can do in the classrooms of France or Germany, India or Japan – throughout the world. That is where the educational picture will find its real level. That is where the spirit of democracy, peace and happiness can find birth.

I have a feeling that I'll be looked upon as one who lacks a sense of humor when I confess that *Arsenic and Old Lace* (Warner Bros., Frank Capra) seems to me to be thin and labored comedy. Perhaps it's because I have a deep-seated aversion to the use of wilful murder as a subject for comedy. Perhaps it's because the characters in *Arsenic and Old Lace* are pathetically abnormal. Perhaps it's because Cary Grant is guilty of such outrageous "mugging." Or perhaps it's because the screen version of Joseph Kesselring's popular play is less skilfully made than the original Howard Lindsay-Russell Crouse Broadway production.

The fine acting of three veterans of the legitimate stage—Clifton Webb, Judith Anderson, and Vincent Price—transforms *Laura* (20th Century-Fox) into an absorbing and exceptionally well made mystery thriller. Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews are the other principals in a splendid cast.

It Happened Tomorrow (United Artists, Rene Clair) completes this month's list of film offerings guaranteed to contain "Romance! Mystery! Thrills!" Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie keep things moving with fair success.

Whatever your age, your frame of mind, or the condition of your liver, you'll not be able to resist *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* (Paramount, Lewis Allen), the screen adaptation of Emily Kimbrough's and Cornelia Otis Skin-

ner's amusing biographical account of the experiences of two charming flappers abroad.

The 20th Century-Fox technicolor musical extravaganza, *Irish Eyes Are Smiling,* directed by Gregory Ratoff, is written around Ernest R. Ball's popular ballads of yesteryear. Dick Haymes, in the role of the famous composer, turns in a good performance; but Maxie Rosenbloom is sadly miscast as the idolized pugilistic hero, Stanley Ketchell. Gay tunes, tender tunes, lilting tunes, and lavish period sets will make this film a popular one for those who are addicted to such forms of entertainment.

Here are two pictures which you can skip without missing anything at all. *I Love a Soldier* (Paramount, Mark Sandvich) is a distasteful rehashing of the overworked theme of a girl and a soldier in wartime. *Janie* (Warner Bros., Michael Curtiz) is the undistinguished film version of an undistinguished stage play.

Much more substantial is *Hail the Conquering Hero* (Paramount), Preston Sturges' devastatingly satirical tale of the timid little Marine whose faithful comrades transform him into an unwilling and embarrassed hero. One may justifiably quarrel with Mr. Sturges' tendency to play up the vulgar and the ribald; but no one, I'm sure, will underestimate his brilliant gifts and his exceptional ability.

Together Again (Columbia) is the light, gay, and moderately entertaining story of the adventures of a lady mayor when she tries to engage the services of a famous sculptor. Irene Dunn, as the mayoress, and Charles Boyer, as the sculptor, do not create a single new detail in their carefully studied performances.

Since You Went Away, directed by John Cromwell and released through United Artists, chalks up another triumph for veteran producer David O. Selznick. The pattern of this epic tale is one with which motion-picture audiences have become familiar in recent years. We have all felt the impact of war, and the touching portrayal of the manner in which one family adjusted itself to the difficulties of wartime living is sure to find a ready response in many hearts. Conceived on a grand scale, *Since You Went Away* is, on the whole, played with simplicity and restraint by an all star cast. Occasionally normal reality is blurred by a tendency to idealization and sentimentalism. This minor fault is offset by shrewd and honest characterizations and by a dignified and vivid panoramic view of the qualities which we call American.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS
CONTRIBUTORS
FINAL NOTES

To all of our readers THE CRESSET extends sincere wishes for a blessed new year. 1945 may well be the most fateful and decisive year of this century. That it will bring new sacrifices, difficulties, and heartaches is certain. That it will bring the cessation of warfare, at least on one major battlefront, is our prayerful hope. That it will bring a rich store of spiritual blessing is the divine promise that goes out to all who cross the threshold of the new year with their hand in the hand of God.

At a recent meeting of our Editorial Board, a number of changes and additions were made to THE CRESSET staff. Thomas Coates becomes assistant editor and Theodore Graebner becomes a CRESSET Associate. Four new names are added to the staff of CRESSET Contributors: The Rev. Karl Keller, pastor of Redeemer Church, Lubbock, Texas; Prof. W. D. Loy and Miss Alice Bensen, both of the faculty of Valparaiso University; and Prof. George Beto, of Concordia College, Austin, Tex.

Our major article this month portrays a fascinating bit of Americana. The author, E. Gorton Covington, is editor of the local newspaper at Glendive, Mont.

Guest reviewers in this issue include Patterson McLean Friedrich *(Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers; Mother Wore Tights; Hard Facts; The Theatre Book of the Year)*, Jessie Swanson *(Tales from the Vienna Woods)*, H. F. Wind *(Men of Science in America* and *The Advertising Smoke Screen)*, and M. Powell *(Many a Watchful Night)*.

Announcing

The Pilgrim

an anthology of selections from

The Cresset

BY O. P. KRETZMANN, LITT.D.

PRICE $1.50

Order from

THE WALTHER LEAGUE

875 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois


W
E
S